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or their Lakes

For their Sakes

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BY

Justin McCarthy.

Captain Hawley Smart. G. Manville Fenn.

Mrs. Edward Kennard.

Cholmondeley Pennell. Herman Merivale.

Hugh Conway (Author of "Called Back").

Philip Bourke Marston. James Hinton.

Miss Rowsell.

Louise Jopling. Mrs. Campbell Praed.

B. St. John Ácker.

Hamilton Aidé. Arthur Kinsey.

Charles Gibbon.

Colonel Malleson. A. P. Sinnett.

Dr. Buxton.

Walter Maynard. Mrs. Pfeiffer.

London:
Chapman and Hall, Limited.
1884.

INTRODUCTORY NOTE.

A GREAT movement is juſt now taking place for the better and more extended education of the deaf and "dumb" in this country, that they may be enabled to communicate with their fellow-creatures by means of ſpoken language, and enjoy the advantages common to all ſimilarly afflicted in Germany and other countries where the oral method of inſtruction is compulſory.

With the hope of aſſiſting the movement, the authors and publiſhers of this volume have given their help to the Society for Training Teachers of the Deaf, and Diffuſion of the "German" Syſtem.

The founder of the Society tells in theſe pages the ſtory of his experiences when inveſtigating the various ſyſtems for teaching the deaf. The

other two articles upon the ſubject ſpeak for themſelves, ſo that there is no need for any remarks here upon the ſpecial advantages of the "German" method.

The objects of the Society in queſtion may be briefly ſtated in its own words.

I. To get all deaf children educated. At preſent a very conſiderable number who are of proper ſchool age receive no education whatever, notwithſtanding inſtitutions, ſpecial ſchools, ſchool attendance committees, ſchool boards, &c.

II. To teach all on the "German," or pure oral, ſyſtem, ſo that dumbneſs may be aboliſhed. The deaf muſt remain deaf; but they need not, and ought not to, be dumb alſo; for dumbneſs may be prevented by teaching ſpoken language.

III. A Training College for Teachers of the Deaf. This is in active operation at Caſtle Bar Hill, Ealing, London, and a practiſing ſchool is connected with it. But, increaſed accommodation being now abſolutely neceſſary, the buildings

must be enlarged and adapted to their special purpose; and for this work help is needed.

It is for the ſake of the deaf children that this little book is put forth—for their ſakes that the ſtories, poems, and ſketches which make it attractive, have been written.

Their lives are at beſt ſad ones; at worſt, more melancholy than can be pictured.

Moſt pitiful is it to look into the yearning eyes of a dumb child. Full of pathetic proteſt, they ſeem to aſk, "What is this myſtery of life? Why am I condemned to ſtand apart without voice or hearing?"

Then, when after patient groping, the clue is found and language gained! What joy when the child can read from the lips of thoſe around —when it can aſk queſtions and underſtand the anſwers! What a different place the world, a little while ago ſo dreary, ſeems now to the poor little wondering thing! The mournful face begins to brighten; games and laughter are no longer meaningleſs; the cloſed mind gradually

unfolds; the ſtruggling thoughts find vent; and the active brain reaſons. It is as though a great wall had been knocked down: ſilence and ſolitude upon one ſide; companionſhip, ſympathy, intereſt—all that makes life worth living—on the other.

R. M. PRAED.

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"THE ROARING GIRL."

BY JUSTIN M'CARTHY.

I AM a great admirer of the play called "The Roaring Girl," and of its free and fearleſs heroine. Perhaps it may be well to explain to ſome of my readers that a "roaring girl" does not mean a ſhrieking ſiſter of "Ginx's Baby." "Roaring" in the Elizabethan days meant rather more than faſt; but might mean much leſs than looſe. We hear of "roaring boys" all through the times when Dekker and Middleton wrote; and we have this one famous "roaring girl."

Critical diſputation has haraſſed itſelf a good deal, and I think to no great purpoſe, as to the authorſhip of the play of "The Roaring Girl." Some ſay it is by Middleton, ſome by Dekker; others regard it as the joint compoſition of the two. I have no manner of intereſt myſelf in the controverſy, and I take the play on its merits, not as author's name. My copy gives it to Dekker, and I am willing to accept it as by Dekker, and leave the critics to diſpute as they may as to Middleton's claim.

The author of "The Roaring Girl" wrote at a time towards the cloſe of Shakeſpeare's life, and towards the cloſe of the brighteſt period of the Britiſh drama, that is to ſay, in the earlier

days of James the Firſt. Dekker deſcribes the kind of life that paſſed before his eyes. He brings us down from heroes, and kings, and princeſſes to the men and women of the middle claſſes and the commonplace ways of London. He ſhows us the citizens and their wives in the ſhops; ſhows us their holidays, their paſtimes and their little excurſions into the country; their quarrellings and love-makings, and the reſt, with a faithfulneſs like that of a Flemiſh painter.

The ſcene of "The Roaring Girl" opens in a great hall or antechamber in the houſe of Sir Alexander Wentgrave, a man of newly acquired rank in the world of faſhion; very proud of his money, and very fond of diſplaying the ſplendid works of art and ſets of furniture he is able to buy with it. Such a character is not, perhaps, altogether unknown to us in our own time; and with a very ſlight change of local colour one might convert Sir Alexander Wentgrave into a Sir Gorgius Midas of the preſent day affecting æſthetic taſtes. In the anteroom we find ſervants buſtling about.

Servants were as much the objects of the ſatiriſt's mirth then as they have been ſince. The principal ſervant we meet with here is Neatfoot. His pride is in grandiloquent and high-flown language. While he is lounging about grandly in this hall, waiting for his maſter's gueſts to riſe from the dinner-table, there comes in a very pretty girl "diſguiſed like a ſempſter, with a caſe for bands," who begs that a meſſage may be conveyed from her to Sebaſtian Wentgrave, Sir

Alexander Wentgrave's only son. The grand footman is quite condeſcending in his manner to her, addreſſing her as "ſweet damſel, emblem of fragility," and aſſures her that he will take the meſſage to his young maſter, promiſing that it ſhall be tranſported, or, as one might ſay, "tranſcended" to his ears. He adds that it ſhall "fructify to your full contentation." When the lacquey is gone to carry her meſſage to young Sebaſtian, ſhe remarks, "But that my boſom is full of bitter ſorrows I could ſmile to ſee this formal ape play antic tricks." This lady, I ſhould ſay at once, is not the ſeamſtreſs ſhe ſeems to be. She is Mary Fitz-Allard, daughter of a noble and diſtinguiſhed knight who had become poor. She had once been engaged to Maſter Sebaſtian. Now Maſter Sebaſtian himſelf comes out from the dinner-table. He does not know her at firſt, and aſks her what ſhe wants of him, and ſhe ſays ſhe has brought home his "bands." He then ſuſpects ſomething, and ſends Neatfoot out of the room. "What bands? I beſpake no bands of you." "Yes, ſir, bonds faſt ſealed with ſolemn oaths," —a marriage engagement. Then, of courſe, he recognizes her, and proteſts that he loves her ſtill as much as ever; but ſince her father got poor, he ſays, and could not give ſo large a dowry, old Sir Alexander vowed that if Sebaſtian married her he ſhould be cut off without a ſingle coin, and that he and ſhe ſhould be left to ſtarve together. Then ſhe aſks him ſadly and ſimply, "What follows then? my ſhipwreck?" "Deareſt, no; tho' wildly in a labyrinth I go, my end is to meet

thee;" and he confides to her a certain ſcheme he has for enſuring that they ſhall be married, and that his father ſhall even be a willing party to the union. In the true ſpirit of an artiſt writing for the ſtage, Dekker makes his meaning plain at the beginning. A play is not a novel. If there be any myſtery in the beginning of a play, and the audience fail to catch the clue to it, there is no way of turning back for explanation, and the reſult is irremediable puzzle. Therefore Dekker makes the hero explain the myſtery at once. But as I am unfolding this play in the guiſe of a ſtory, I ſhall take leave to follow the faſhion of the craft with which I am more particularly connected, and keep my myſtery till the end. I ſuppoſe the duty of a noveliſt is to keep his myſtery to the laſt chapter of his work. Any of you who may have done me the favour of reading my novels will know that I always keep the diſcloſure of my myſtery to the very end; that I never allow it to be known till the laſt ſentence of the laſt chapter who was the rightful heir; what became of the miſſing will; and who, among all thoſe leaſt ſuſpected, really *did* commit the fearful murder. I take the liberty, therefore, of keeping to my rule in the preſent caſe and preſerving the ſecret till the end of the ſtory.

Mary Fitz-Allard loves her Sebaſtian very much, and truſts him, and ſhe goes away well pleaſed with the plan he has propoſed. After a while, the company having dined, come into the room where we are now ſuppoſed to be. The old knight, Sir Alexander, ſhows his gueſts his

ſplendid things, furniture and pictures,—and he points, as a ſpecial proof of his taſte, to one picture in which there are more than a thouſand heads to be ſeen. His gueſts admire his luxury and his highly cultivated taſte in art, and begin to congratulate him on his happineſs. When Sir Davy Dapper, Sir Adam Appleton, Lord Noland, and a number of other gentlemen (having names after the ſimple faſhion of the play-wrights of that day, explaining in advance what the author intended you ſhould think, and ſo ſaving trouble in underſtanding the characters)—when ſome of theſe had highly praiſed his houſe, and congratulated him upon his happineſs, Sir Alexander ſays he will tell the company a tale about an old man they all know, who was ſuppoſed to be very happy. Then he begins his ſtory, and tells of an aged man in the ſame poſition as himſelf, and who, like himſelf, was offered congratulations on his good fortune and happineſs. This aged man, he ſays, broke out and vowed that he was miſerable; that there was a corroding influence which made every circumſtance of his life a cauſe of bitter ſuffering. The old man went on to tell that he had a ſon—Sir Alexander looks round and ſays that the ſon was juſt like Maſter Sebaſtian in appearance. Sebaſtian is rather ſtruck with this, and begins to ſuſpect that the ſtory is told of him and at him. This ſon, Sir Alexander ſays, is the plague of his father's declining years; he has fixed his affections in a ſtrange way. He has made himſelf the talk and the diſgrace of the town. He has become acquainted with the girl all London, North, South,

Eaſt, and Weſt, talks about; whoſe name every waterman on the Bankſide has in his mouth as much as the man of faſhion about town. A ſtrange being, "woman more than man, man more than woman," a creature hardly of our kind, whether ſhe walk, ſtand, or ſit, "no blazing ſtar draws more eyes after it." Such is the creature with whom his friend's ſon has fallen in love. Then Sebaſtian ſees that all this is levelled at him, and accepts it as ſuch, and reſents it. It is not true, and were it uttered by any man but his father, he would brand it with a ſtronger name and call it a lie, to ſay that this woman is unworthy of the beſt man's love. He launches out into eloquence in defence of this extraordinary being,—this "Roaring Girl," whoſe name is in the mouth of half London. Sir Davy Dapper interpoſes, rather ſurpriſed, and ſays, "I always thought Maſter Sebaſtian was to wed Mary Fitz-Allard, old Sir Guy Fitz-Allard's daughter." Sir Alexander Wentgrave hypocritically declares he always thought ſo too, and "many a time," he ſays, "I have upon my knees wooed this fond boy to take that virtuous maiden." "Many a time you on your knees have curſed that virtuous maiden," Sebaſtian retorts; and he aſks in an undertone, "Will you give her to me now?" "I'll give thee rats'-bane rather," whiſpers his father. Then ſays Sebaſtian, "You know what diſh I mean to feed upon." So they part, and the dinner-party breaks up, and Sir Alexander Wentgrave, left alone, reſolves that he will have recourſe to any meaſure, however villainous, however deſperate,

in order to ſeparate his ſon from this dreadful "roaring girl."

To aid him in this purpoſe he hires one Trapdoor, a ſwaggering ſwaſh-buckler, who pretends that he has been in the wars and has performed all manner of brave deeds. He is recounting his exploits, when Sir Alexander catches ſight of his hand, upon which there is a ſcar, and aſks, "How are you burnt in hand?" Trapdoor replies that he has ſinged it in making fireworks, the fact of courſe being that he bore the thieves' imprint for ſome of his heroic deeds. Sir Alexander aſks him if he knows a woman called Moll —"mad, merry Moll;" the "Roaring Girl." Trapdoor ſays that her name is well known alike in the Eaſt end and the Weſt. Sir Alexander then ſuggeſts that Trapdoor ſhould enliſt himſelf in her ſervice. He is to have unlimited money and to put money in her way, and, ſays the worthy magiſtrate, "Twiſt thou but cords to catch her, I'll find law to hang her up." "Spoken like a worſhipful bencher," Trapdoor replies.

The ſcene then changes to a part of the city. The time is juſt before the ordinary dinner-hour. A good many briſk young gallants from the more faſhionable quarter have come to buy things and to lounge about and ſee if there are any pretty women in the ſhops, and make love to the citizens' wives. There is a little row of ſhops; one of them kept by Miſtreſs Gallipot, a druggiſt; another eſtabliſhment, a feather-ſhop, is kept by Miſtreſs Tiltyard; and a third, a

draper's, by Maſter Openwork and his wife. The young men from the faſhionable quarter are lounging about, buying ſomething here, and affecting to buy ſomething there. Some of the ſhops deal in tobacco. It was a novelty then, and one of the ſigns of men of faſhion was to "drink ſmoke." They had got the faſhion, but not the phraſe, ſo that we always hear of their "drinking tobacco." They are drinking together, and chaffing each other about their amours, and puffing the ſmoke in each other's faces, and making jokes with the women. Suddenly their attention is called away by the appearance of one of the oddeſt, moſt remarkable, moſt ſtriking figures in all dramatic literature. This is the "Roaring Girl." She ſwaggers in dreſſed in man's clothes, and booted, and with ſword at her ſide. We are made acquainted with her in a very artiſtic way. There is a great deal of talk about her, not in the faſhion of a ſet deſcription, but a real and rattling converſation, from which we get to know what the world thought of her. No one knows where ſhe came from. She has money; ſhe dreſſes as a man; ſhe ſwaggers about town; ſhe is to be found in the higheſt and the loweſt places. At one time ſhe is lounging about with young noblemen at the Court end, and at another ſhe is comrading with the watermen at Bankſide. She is even the companion of thieves, and can talk their patter language. Amongſt the ſcandals of the town is the ſtrange attachment between her and young Wentgrave. It is the faſhion among the gallants

to boaſt of acquaintance with her and be hail fellow well met with her. The favourite thing is to call her Captain Jack. Some call her Moll, ſome Mary, and one adreſſes her as "Captain Jack, mad Mary." They preſs her to ſtay, but the roaring girl is on other buſineſs, and will not liſten to any of the invitations to drink and to puff the rich tobacco. Her replies are always full of good-humour and have much wit in them, with a very piquant touch of ſatire. One gallant aſks her, "Shall you and I ride out of town together?" and Moll replies, "Whither? to Tyburn, prithee?" "Maſs," he ſays, "that is out of town indeed." Another aſks her to meet him an hour hence, and ſays that he is going to buy a feather in the meantime, to which ſhe promptly replies, "Nay, if a feather hold you in play a whole hour, a gooſe will laſt you all the days of your life." She goes into ſome of the ſhops, and is rudely beſpoken by Miſtreſs Openwork and Miſtreſs Tiltyard, who are not ſo handſome as ſhe, but who pretend to be auſtere and proper, and will have nothing to do with her. The roaring girl gives back rude anſwers in kind; and if any one throws ſix hard words at her, it is odd if ſhe do not pelt him with half-a-dozen or a dozen juſt as hard in return.

One gallant, Mr. Laxton, ſpecially anxious to be famous for his ſucceſs with women, preſſes Moll to make an excurſion with him into the country. He offers her ten golden angels, and as he takes out his purſe to give them to her, there paſſes over the roaring girl's handſome face,

one could imagine, a certain ſignificant expreſſion. She takes the money, however, and aſks where they are to meet. "At Gray's Inn Fields, at three o'clock. I will have a coach and four horſes, and we will drive into the country." She ſays, "Yes, ſir, I'll meet you there. I will be in the fields at three."

After ſhe leaves him, Moll goes up to Trapdoor, who, as we know, has been ſent to enter her ſervice, and to try to get her into the meſhes of the law. He boaſts that he has fought on all ſorts of fields, and declares that, out of ſheer admiration for her "heroic ſpirit and maſculine womanhood," he is anxious to enter her ſervice. Before ſhe conſents, ſhe puts him to one or two teſts. She aſks him is he brave. "I have kept a bridge," he ſays, "ſingle-handed, and have driven ſeven before me;" but adds in an aſide, "they were all Lincolnſhire bullocks, by my troth." "What ſtrength have you?" He tells her that he has gone up into a ſteeple and ſtopped the great bell ringing, that he has ſtopped a windmill going. Moll trips him up, and lands him on his back on the ground. "Is that the way you will ſerve your miſtreſs; that the way you will ſtand by her in a fight?" "Like a true ſervant," he promptly replies, "I lie at my miſtress' feet." She likes his humour, and tells him it is no diſgrace to him to have been overthrown in wreſtling with her, ſhe has often done the ſame for others. She conſents to take him into her ſervice, and bids him to meet her at three o'clock in Gray's Inn Fields.

At the time appointed we find Maſter Laxton waiting with his coach. He walks up and down, anxiouſly awaiting the roaring girl, and feels proud of the rapid conqueſt he has made, and is diſpoſed to think himſelf a much handſomer and more attractive perſonage even than he did before. He is pleaſed with himſelf and all the world. Preſently he ſees a young perſon in the dreſs of a lawyer coming towards him, who ſmartly accoſts him, and turns out, of courſe, to be the roaring girl in diſguiſe. "Faith," Laxton ſays, "I didn't know thee, Moll." "I'll ſwear you did not, but you ſhall know me now," Moll anſwers; and to Laxton's ſurpriſe ſhe draws her ſword, and bids him defend himſelf. "What, draw upon a woman! why, what doſt mean, Moll?" "To teach thy baſe thoughts manners." She takes out his money, flings every guinea on the ground, and throws down ten other guineas, to ſhow how little ſhe cares for gold. She ſays that then and there ſhe will avenge the inſult to her, for that this ſort of love-making *is* an inſult, and his propoſal one which ſhe would "tear from the high German's throat." She aſks if he thinks that, becauſe ſhe is pleaſant and free, ſhe has no morality and no ſhame? "Has mirth no kindred in the world but luſt? Oh, ſhame take all her friends, then!" She bids him keep his arts and his gold to entangle poor needlewomen and "trade-fallen wives." She makes him fight; he has to draw to defend himſelf. Laxton is a good fencer and has fought many a duel, but he is no match for

the roaring girl. His guard is broken down, and he receives a wound and falls. She declares that ſhe will give him no quarter, but he ſays, "Spare me, brave girl; I own I did you wrong; I aſk thee pardon, and I do repent. I think," he adds, "I muſt have fought with the ghoſt of a fencer," for he never ſaw fencing like that before. Moll diſmiſſes him with a pardon, and Maſter Laxton goes home certainly a ſadder and perhaps a wiſer man.

After Moll has diſmiſſed Laxton, Trapdoor, her ſervant, comes ſwaggering along. Trapdoor, paſſing what he thinks to be a young man, joſtles him rather contemptuouſly. Moll aſks him how he dares to joſtle a gentleman in that way, and takes his hat off his head, and cuffs him. The heroic ſoldier offers no reſiſtance. She then diſcloſes herſelf, and he, of courſe, proteſts, after Falſtaff's faſhion, that he knew her all the time, and would not have borne inſult from any man, but that from his charming miſtreſs Moll he is bound to take any treatment as a favour. Moll is amuſed by the ſaucy good-humour of the rogue, and puts up with him. In the courſe of her viſits to the ſhops, ſhe happens to meet a perſonage of the Trapdoor ſtamp, a ſwaggering fellow, with a long ſword. She accoſts him by the flattering name of "Goodman Swineſface," and aſks him if he remembers that he was rude to her in a tavern the other night. "Not I, by this light," he replies. "No, but by that candle-light you were," and ſo ſaying, ſhe cuffs and cudgels him right merrily. In fact, the roaring

girl has become ſo well known that the terror of her very name would carry her ſafely almoſt anywhere.

Meanwhile, Trapdoor is preparing his plans to enſnare her. Moll has a taſte for muſic and ſinging, and Sebaſtian arranges that ſhe ſhall come in diſguiſe and give him muſic leſſons in his father's houſe, in a room where there is no fear of their being diſturbed. Trapdoor tells all this to Sir Alexander, and it is thereupon arranged that Trapdoor ſhall leave ſome valuable watches in this room, in the hope that Moll may poſſeſs herſelf of one of them, and ſo be brought within the graſp of the law. Sebaſtian and Moll meet in this room, and ſhe plays her fiddle and ſings a wonderful little ſong. It has hardly any meaning in it, and, like moſt of the ſongs of that day, wantons a little in looſeneſs of expreſſion that would hardly ſuit our time. But it is the moſt wonderfully muſical arrangement of Engliſh words that one could well imagine. Every line is harmony and melody; the unmeaning little jingle of words has the charm-ſound of a ſiren's ſong. It reminds me of a marvellous little ballad in the ſecond part of Goethe's "Fauſt," which, like this, has no great depth or poetic power in it, but is a bewitching arrangement of ſweet, melodious words. Moll ſees the watches and chains, and plays with them, and admires them, without feeling any manner of temptation. She regards them with the admiration of a child or a ſavage for pretty ſparkling toys, but Moll has no deſire to poſſeſs anything that is not her own. Thus plot No. 1 wholly

fails. Sir Alexander tries another plan. He gets Trapdoor to procure ſome ſpurious "angels"—guineas, let us ſay. They are to be given to the roaring girl in payment for her muſic leſſons, and Sir Alexander hopes to have her convicted of paſſing baſe coin.

Meantime there is inceſſant movement in the play. We hear much of adventures of the citizens' wives, and their various love-makings. The roaring girl goes about with two or three young noblemen, Lord Noland, the ſon of Sir Davy Dapper, and other great perſons of that kind. She has rendered a ſervice to young Dapper. He has been very wild, and has got deeply into debt. His father, to puniſh him, contrives that he ſhall be arreſted. As he is being taken away, he and his captors are met by the roaring girl, who draws her ſword and reſcues him. Many other youths of quality are leagued with her. In the courſe of their adventures they meet with men of the Trapdoor claſs, and ſhe teſts their claim to be conſidered real profeſſional thieves by talking to them in the thieves' patter-language, in which ſhe is proficient. Lord Noland aſks her how it was that ſhe came to conſort with theſe people, and ſhe tells him ſome part of her hiſtory. She was left alone in the world when very young, and determined to ſee ſomething of life. She mixed with all ſorts of people, high and low, and being often ſeen in very doubtful ſociety, ſhe acquired the name of "Moll Cutpurſe." But, ſo far from deſerving this name, ſhe has been the means of doing much

good, and has made her robber aſſociates reſtore money that they had ſtolen from poor people.

Alarming news reaches Sir Alexander. His ſon and the roaring girl are to be married immediately. The couple actually appear upon the ſcene and tell him that the news is true. He is in a ſtate of diſtraction, his deſpair knows no bounds, and he abuſes them in unmeaſured terms. Moll takes it all good-humouredly, chaffs the worthy knight, and inſiſts that the marriage will be the making of him. He is now, ſhe ſays, "an unmarked knight," but when his ſon has married her, all the town will talk of him. He will be able to go anywhere without fear of being robbed or harmed when it is known that the Roaring Girl is his daughter-in-law. Poor Sir Alexander does not ſeem to regard this as a conſolation, and they leave him to his wrath. At this moment comes in Sir Guy Fitz-Allard, the father of Mary Fitz-Allard, and aſks whether, if he at the laſt moment can ſucceed in breaking off the match with Moll, Sebaſtian will be allowed to marry the deſerted girl, Fitz-Allard's daughter. Sir Alexander is only too glad to promiſe his conſent—and probably readers are now beginning to have ſome ſuſpicion how the myſtery is going to end. "Your ſon is married; he and his bride are cloſe at hand." Sir Alexander is in deſpair, preſuming he is about to ſee the Roaring Girl. But the woman who enters with Sebaſtian is Mary Fitz-Allard. Sebaſtian has ſucceeded in his plot to marry Mary Fitz-Allard, by the help

of the good Roaring Girl. T
that Sir Alexander would consent to the match only too gladly to prevent his son from throwing himself into the arms of "Captain Jack, Mad Mary." Moll has been playing a part all the time, and has seemed to be luring Sebastian to ruin and disgrace, in order that his father should take the right way to save him.

When the truth is discovered we may imagine the happiness of every one in the play. Of every one? No, not, somehow, I think, of every one. I think there is one exception to the general happiness, and I am afraid that exception is the Roaring Girl herself. I fear she has played her part rather too well, and has entered somewhat too fully into its meaning and spirit. I fear she was a little too much of a true woman to enact with safety that game of lovemaking with this handsome and brave young man. But she conceals whatever she feels under a cheerful aspect. "Father and son," she says, "I have done you simple service." Young Lord Noland asks for an explanation, and the Roaring Girl says "he was in fear his son would marry me, but never dreamt that I would ne'er agree." Lord Noland says, "Why, Captain Jack, you have had lovers; when wilt marry?" Moll goes off into a little rhyming exposition of the things that must take place before she consents to have a husband. When young gallants are free from all fear of the law of debt and "when cheats are booted but not coached;" when these things and a great many others a

difficult to realize are brought about (with the further qualification, "If my mind be then not varied"), "next day following I'll get married." Lord Noland ſays, "That ſounds like doomsday," and Moll rejoins, "Then were marriage beſt, for if I ſhould repent I were ſoon at reſt." Sir Alexander, taking up the word, expreſſes his penitence for the deep wrong he has done her in endeavouring to bring her within the meſhes of the law; he confeſſes the baſeneſs of the ſcheme, and aſks her pardon. Moll takes out the falſe coin, and ſays with a touching ſimplicity and melancholy, that ſhe got the money for a muſic leſſon; that ſhe wants no pity, and adds, "Follow the law, if you can hang me ſpare not; hang up my viol by me and I care not."

So paſſes from the ſtage this unique Roaring Girl, not, I hope, without a certain regret in the minds of ſome of us, that we have done with her. What became of her afterwards we are not told. The married lovers, no doubt, went away, and were happy, and, maybe, forgot her. Some words ſpoken by Mary Fitz-Allard are worthy of Thackeray in their touch of pain. When Sebaſtian is enthusiaſtic over the ſervices Moll has rendered to them, Mary can only ſay, "No poiſon but ſerves us for ſome uſe, which is confirmed in her." One is inclined to hope that the Roaring Girl died young, in ſome good cauſe, and gallant company, ſtriking for the weak or defending the oppreſſed. Not under Bayard's breaſtplate did there beat a braver heart, and no ſilken

bodice ever covered a boſom more womanly. No braver ſoldier, no truer comrade, no better fellow lives in all the rich literature of the period to which ſhe belongs. I think ſhe ought to find a friend in every woman, and a lover in every man who reads her ſtrange, humorous, pathetic ſtory.

THREE LYRICS.

By Hugh Conway,
Author of "Called Back."

ENCHANTED GROUND.

We wander'd through Enchanted Ground.
Love, you know when, Love, you know where,
Song ſounded ſweet—the flowers around
We gather'd then, and found them fair:
We little thought how flower and ſong
Were weaving magic ſpells and ſtrong,
Till hearts were won and loſt, ere long,
Love, you know when, Love, you know where.
Ah, land of love, it ſtill ſhall be
Enchanted Ground to you and me!

We've wander'd ſince through many a land
Of joy and care, Love, many a year;
Yet heart to heart, yet hand in hand,
One life to live, one lot to ſhare;
And ever as I heard the ſound
Of your ſweet voice my heart has found
That we may walk Enchanted Ground,
Love, every day; Love, every where.
Ah, land of love, it ſtill ſhall be
Enchanted Ground to you and me!

AT PARTING.

In her bright hair a crimſon roſe,
The roſe I gave her but laſt night—
Her hand in mine; my fingers cloſ
On little fingers, cold and white.
Our lips move not, but in our eyes
Unſpoken words of ſadneſs dwell;
One thought alone between us lies—
"Farewell, my love—my love, Farewell!"

The hour is here, the hour has paſt—
"Sweetheart! Sweetheart! I may not ſtay!",
"One moment, love; one more, the laſt,
Ere night begins and fadeth day."
"Farewell!" Our lingering hands are fain
To draw apart—ah, who can tell,
To meet no more—to meet again?
"Farewell, my love—my love, Farewell!"

ASUNDER.

Once, when the ſun, in ſlowly dying ſplendour,
Sank, ſending crimſon ſmiles acroſs the ſea;
When, in the twilight eyes look'd true and tender—
"Tell me," you ſaid, "how great your love for me."—
Darker and darker grew the ſea before us,
Turning, I ſaw a ſhadow at your ſide;
Mist fill'd the ſky and hid the pale ſtars o'er us;
As thoſe who ſpeak in dreams my lips replied,

"Some meaſure love by gold,
By endleſs time, by ſoundleſs ſea;
But I—I love you well enough
To leave you, Love, if needs muſt be."
Words, thoughtleſs words! but breathing doubt forbidden;
Fears, fooliſh fears! that love muſt lull to reſt—
Not you or I knew then the meaning hidden,
Veil'd in thoſe words you deem'd an idle jeſt—
Now, Love! with paths divided, hands aſunder;
Now we have learnt the meaning, you and I,
Hid in the miſty ſky, the dark ſea under,
Hid in thoſe words, I ſpoke, and knew not why—
"Some meaſure love by gold,
By endleſs time, by ſoundleſs ſea;
But I—I love you well enough
To leave you, Love, if needs muſt be."

MISS HAZEL.

By Mrs. Parr,
Author of "Dorothy Fox," "Adam and Eve," &c.

I.

In the veſtibule of the Hôtel Grande Bretagne, Bellagio, a man ſtood lounging—watching, for the want of better occupation, a girl, who had juſt paſſed him, ſlowly mount the ſtairs. He let his eyes follow her out of ſight, and then turned to find himſelf face to face with a chance acquaintance he had met in the ſmoking-room the previous night.

"You've heard her ſtory, of courſe?" and a nod of the head indicated to whom the ſpeaker was alluding.

"No; I only came laſt night, and to-day I have ſpent on the lake. Who is ſhe?"

"An American, on whom, ſome weeks ago, a rather bad hoax was played; at leaſt, ſo people ſay. I waſn't here at the time, but a man I met ſaid he was certain the fellow waſn't Lord Aſteriſk from the deſcription."

"Lord Aſteriſk! how? What fellow do you mean?"

"Well, it ſeems ſhe was here with a party of friends, when Proſper the poet happened to arrive. It ſoon got about who he was, and he

came in for any amount of admiration, particularly from this Miſs Hazel, who guſhed over him in the regular American faſhion. Whereupon a young fellow—and whether he ſpoke the truth nobody ſeems quite to know—ſaid, 'Oh, there's an ever ſo much bigger ſwell here than Proſper, only he doeſn't want it known. You ſaw a good-looking dark chap ſitting laſt night on the terrace with me; well, he's Lord Afteriſk, the great Afteriſk's grandſon. I'll introduce you if you'll give me your word not to betray me." Of courſe ſhe was delighted, and upon this the moſt outrageous flirtation began. For the ten days he ſtopped they were never apart; excurſions out on the lake, moonlight ſtrolls, and I can't tell you what."

"He calling himſelf Lord Afteriſk?"

"Oh, no; not he. He was Mr. Burnaby, and claimed to be nothing more; only there was what his friend had ſaid, and a happy knack of quoting grandpapa's poetry, which in Miſs Hazel's eyes ſettled the matter. The night before he left it ſeems he propoſed to her, and the next day as ſoon as he was gone, her friends, who had been very near to burſting all the time, could contain themſelves no longer, and out the whole ſecret came. They were going to England, where they would meet him again. The marriage would ſhortly take place, the whole thing was arranged. Even thoſe who had voted her an outrageous coquette ſwallowed their opinions, altered their tone, and gave their wiſhes for her happineſs handſomely. But

behold, after a few days t ter from Milan, in which my lord, or Mr. Burnaby —for to this moment it is not known for certain which he was—affected to think he had been over-haſty in his propoſal, had been carried away; in ſhort, he cried off his bargain, and poor Miſs Hazel was left lamenting."

"H'm! well I think it ſerved her right; all the ſame, I ſhould not mind hearing that ſome Yankee brother or couſin had laid a good ſtout horſewhip about this Mr. Burnaby's ſhoulders."

"Nor I neither; for the girl's a pretty girl, and ſhe's had a kind of fever ſince. They had to call in the doctor."

"Didn't fall in love with him, too, did ſhe?"

"It's to be hoped not," and laughing, the two ſeparated; the teller of the little hiſtory ſtrolling down to the porter's room to ſtudy the viſitors' book, and ſatiſfy his curioſity.

"George Adamſon," he found inſcribed there. "Adamſon," he ſaid, "he's a gentlemanly-ſpoken fellow."

II.

* * * * *

A SEPTEMBER evening, a young moon, the Lake of Como—what ſituation more fitting for a love dream?

Miſs Hazel, perhaps, is indulging in one. Mr. Adamſon, ſcreened by a clump of trees, ſtands watching her. It is more than a week

ſince he arrived at Bellagio; he has made the acquaintance of Miſs Hazel, and is on ſpeaking terms with her.

"How is it you are not with your party?" he ſays, coming forward. "I thought I ſaw a whole boat-load of them go off a little time ago."

"I thought they would be late in coming back, that's why I didn't go. I have been ill, laid up with a cold."

"Oh, a cold, was it?" and either his look or his tone made Miſs Hazel grow crimſon.

"Yes, a cold," ſhe ſaid, "not a fever, as I ſee ſomebody has been telling you." Then after a pauſe ſhe added, "What elſe have you heard about me—I ſhould like to know?"

"No, I am not ſo ſure that you would," and he gave a half-ſmile; "it is nothing worth repeating."

"Oh, I can gueſs," and ſhe drew herſelf up with a little proud movement of her head; "but I don't care, I have nothing to be aſhamed of."

"Nothing!"

"And that's why I wouldn't go away. The Glovers would have moved off at once if I had liked, but I ſaid no, I'd rather ſtay."

"And have a fever?"

"I didn't have a fever; I had an unſentimental, unromantic cold. I might have been very fooliſh, but I waſn't fooliſh enough to have a fever."

"Can young ladies chooſe their complaints, then?"

"Oh, you know well an. You don't ſuppoſe but I ſly aware that ſome Mr. or Mrs. [illegible] has given you the whole hiſtory of how abſurdly I behaved and what a diſappointment I had, and how ridiculous I made myſelf. I thought when the people who were here went away it would be forgotten, inſtead of which it is my belief they paſs it on one to the other, and make it out worſe than ever."

"But, as you ſaid, you have nothing to be aſhamed of."

"No, neither have I, of the truth; but how do I know what they make of it."

Mr. Adamſon looked at the face near him. It was a very ſweet one, with clear, truthful eyes, and a winning, frank expreſſion, in harmony with the girl's ſtraightforward manner.

"Well, I know what they make of it," he ſaid; "ſo ſuppoſe now you tell me the truth. Would you mind?"

"No, I ſhould like to; I've taken rather a fancy to you, although you did ſay that, whatever I'd ſuffered, it ſerved me right. Yes, I heard of it. Now, I'll tell you from beginning to end exactly what took place. It waſn't becauſe of his having a title; for all we Americans ain't quite as ſooliſh about that as you Engliſh like to make us out; and as to his looks, he didn't look any more like a lord than you or anybody elſe may, but it was when I was told that he was Aſteriſk's grandſon, I felt a thrill go through me, and I ſhould feel juſt the ſame now;

and no matter what any one ſays, I ſhall always be flattered as long as I live that he took any notice of me."

"But I underſtood he called himſelf Mr. Burnaby."

"So he did, but that was to preſerve his incognito."

"You ſtill believe, then, that he had an incognito to preſerve. I mean," for ſhe was looking at him fixedly, "that you feel certain that he was Lord Aſteriſk."

"Certain. He never ſaid ſo in words; but he knew that I had been told who he was. I told him ſo, and he didn't deny it. Beſides, lots of people to whom the Glovers talked, ſaid they knew that Lord Aſteriſk was then travelling incognito."

"And he was very irreſiſtible—made you care for him a great deal?"

"Well,—yes, and no; he was nice, pleaſant, agreeable, but, oh, it was juſt this: I had mounted him upon ſuch a pedeſtal becauſe of the name he bore, that I thought he ought to look, ſpeak, be altogether different to other people. Oh, yes; laugh at me; I know I'm ſtupid; but as I grow older I ſuppoſe I ſhall get wiſer; have all the enthuſiaſm I ſtarted with knocked out of me. So that, after all, this may do me good, but," and her eyes filled with tears, "I do ſo wiſh it hadn't happened; not for me,—what does it matter about me? Suppoſe a few people laugh and make fun about me, I don't care; I'm nobody. I ſhall go back

home and be forgotten; but ſhe
in her breath as if ſhrinking from the pain
the thought cauſed her, "I'm certain he
muſt feel aſhamed,—muſt wiſh that he hadn't
behaved quite as he has done, though you pro-
miſe me never to ſay I ſaid ſo, becauſe all along
I've ſtood up for him, and I always mean to."

"Is that for his own ſake, or becauſe of the name he laid claim to?"

"Well, not for his own ſake, moſt certainly; and that's why I deſerve all I get; for after all a girl oughtn't to want to marry a man becauſe of his grandfather, ought ſhe?"

"Hardly."

"You wouldn't like to be married on account of yours, would you?"

"That would depend whether he was Aſteriſk or not."

"Ah, well, I wiſh he had been, that's all I can ſay."

"You do?"

"Yes, that I do," ſhe laughed. "For I believe that you're ever ſo much a better ſort than the real man, and that's the truth."

Mr. Adamſon ſhook his head. "I don't believe he was the real man," he ſaid.

"I wiſh I could think ſo."

"What, and feel you had been the ſubject of a hoax all this while? I don't fancy you would enjoy that."

"That ſhows how little you know of me. I ſhouldn't care a bit if I could only feel certain that he waſn't the real man, and couldn't claim

my favourite poet, the immortal Aſteriſk, as his grandfather. They might tell the ſtory as a good joke againſt me as long as I lived, and nobody would laugh at it more than I ſhould."

III.

THE grounds of the Villa Serbelloni, cloſe down near the Swiſs ſummer-houſe. A party—on their way to ſee the view from the higheſt point—halting. Suddenly a couple appear, their walking powers evidently in excellent order, for they keep on their way ſo engroſſed in their converſation as never to take heed of thoſe who are watching them.

"Any one may ſay what they pleaſe, ſays a maiden lady of the party oracularly, "but my opinion of Miſs Hazel is, that attention ſhe will have, no matter from whom ſhe gets it."

"She can't be very hard to pleaſe, I think, if ſhe is able to put up with much of Mr. Adamſon's ſociety."

The ſpeaker was counted the belle of the Grande Bretagne, and Mr. Adamſon was ſaid to have declined an introduction to her.

"I wonder if he knows," ſaid a new arrival who had juſt been told as a profound ſecret the diſappointment Miſs Hazel had undergone.

"Knows! why everybody knows," echoed a chorus together.

"Beſides," added the young lady, "my brother was in the ſmoking-room when Mr.

Adamſon aſked Captain Conolly what authority he had for ſaying that he was ſure Mr. Burnaby was not Lord Afteriſk."

"Well, really!"

"Yes, Captain Conolly ſaid at firſt he'd a good mind not to anſwer him, but to tell him to attend to his own buſineſs, only he didn't want any more fuſs about Miſs Hazel, it would have ſo annoyed the Glovers. So he juſt ſaid he happened to have a friend coming who knows Lord Afteriſk very well, and he had often deſcribed him as being ſhort, inſignificant-looking, very ſhy, with no manners, and nothing to ſay. Tom ſays that ſeemed to ſhut him up completely. He juſt muttered 'Really,' or ſomething of that ſort, and walked out of the room."

Oddly enough, as Mr. Adamſon walked, his feet ſeemed to keep meaſure to thoſe very words, "ſhort, inſignificant-looking, very ſhy, with no manners, and nothing to ſay," until he ſuddenly burſt out with,—

"I ſuppoſe I am an awfully ſlow fellow, without a word to ſay for myſelf."

"That's a nice opinion to have," and Miſs Hazel looked round at him.

"I'll lay anything it's very much the opinion you have of me."

"No, I think you have plenty to ſay, if you'd only take the trouble to ſay it—that is to moſt people, I mean, not to me. We get on well enough together. I like talking to you better than to anybody."

"Hem!" and he feigned to heave a lugubrious ſigh; "what a pity I'm not a poet's grandſon."

"Now, that's mean of you," ſhe ſaid quickly. "I don't care whoſe grandſon you may be."

"But that is why you liked the other fellow, you ſay."

"Never mind what I ſaid. Whatever it might be, it's not at all nice in you to throw it up at me. You muſt be in a very bad temper this morning."

"Yes, I am. I have an evil diſpoſition upon me to do ſomething," and he ſhot his fiſt out ſtraight before him.

"To do ſomething? To do what?"

"Shall I tell you? To punch the head of the—other fellow," and he looked at her meaningly.

"Highly combative, but impracticable," ſhe ſaid with ſcorn. "You couldn't reach his head like that—you're not tall enough."

"So much the better; I ſhould ſtrike a more vital part—his heart, let us hope."

"Impoſſible, I don't think he poſſeſſes one."

They were nearing a point where the path met in a ſharp angle. Miſs Hazel made a ſudden turn; her deſire was to cut off the corner by running down the ſteep bank, but Mr. Adamſon prevented her.

"I ſhouldn't ſtrike yours, ſhould I?" and ſomething in his voice made the blood ruſh into her cheeks.

"I—I don't underſtand you."

"I mean you haven't left it there. Are you

quite ſure that you've taken it away from him yet?"

"Quite ſure," ſhe anſwered, and in ſpite of her crimſon face ſhe was determined to meet his gaze boldly. "I have been perfectly certain for more than a fortnight now, that I never really cared for him at all."

The words had ſcarcely fallen from her lips, when Mr. Adamſon muſt have done ſomething very deſperate, for the next thing Miſs Hazel did was to cry, "How dare you! how dare you! how dare you!"

And the ſmall fury abſolutely ſtamped her little feet with rage, and then the ſound of voices telling her that others were approaching, regardleſs of broken bones and ſprained ankles, with one ruſh ſhe was down the bank, Mr. Adamſon after her; and five minutes later, they were found by the ſummer-houſe party, ſitting ſide by ſide on that little ſeat, made to hold two, looking ſtraight before them at the Fiume Latte, which, in common with the reſt, they had come to ſee.

Miſs Hazel exchanged two or three remarks with her fellow-viſitors, who, after lingering to feel ſure that there was no hope of the preſent occupants vacating that coveted reſting-place, moved on their way. Then ſhe jumped up.

"Now I am going," ſhe ſaid defiantly.

"No, you are not. At leaſt, not until you have liſtened to me. I have ſomething to ſay, and you muſt hear it—a queſtion to aſk, which you muſt give me the anſwer to."

"I want neither to hear your queſtions, nor to anſwer them," ſhe ſaid angrily. "I conſider you've inſulted me; inſulted me very much, indeed, in a way you've no excuſe for."

"I've done nothing of the ſort," he ſaid ſtolidly. "I may have been impulſive, and permitted myſelf to be carried away more than I had any right to, but if ſo, the fault waſn't ſolely mine, it was from ſomething I thought I saw."

"Something you ſaw in me?"

"I didn't ſay ſo."

"But you looked it."

"That's juſt what you did."

Miſs Hazel ſummoned up all her dignity to make a ſuitable reply. She turned round, their eyes met; for a moment the two looked at each other, and then—but no, here let us ſtop and drop the curtain.

* * * * *

IV.

"HOWEVER they may be againſt it, I'm determined not to mind."

Miſs Hazel was ſaying thus. Miſs Hazel, with her fluſhed face, and charmingly brilliant eyes, making her toilette for dinner. She had to be quick, for, forgetting all about luncheon, ſhe and Mr. Adamſon had ſat talking on that little ſeat until juſt four o'clock, ſince when they had taken the reſt of the time in getting down.

"It doeſn't ſignify a button to me, that he iſn't rich," ſhe continued, ſoliloquizing. "He

ſays he has enough to keep us both, ſo he can't be ſo very poor. I wiſh, though, he was ſomething, becauſe of Uncle Joſh; he can't bear people who get their living without having anything to do. How ſtrangely things come about! to think if it hadn't been for that other affair, he might never have thought about me. How could he? He would have gone away the next day. I ſuppoſe it was to be, or elſe he wouldn't have taken ſuch an intereſt in me. Well, we've been frank enough with each other this time. I haven't ſtopped at anything I wanted to ſay, nor he either. Of courſe the Glovers will run him down. They think him ſo plain, but I don't care, I love him with all my heart; better, I believe, becauſe he iſn't like every other man; and as for his looks, I've had a ſickener of good looks that will ſerve me as a leſſon for all my life."

Mr. Adamſon had woven a very pretty romance to Miſs Hazel. Standing at the foot of the ſtairs where he had firſt ſeen her, he was whiling away his time by firſt congratulating himſelf on his powers of invention, and then arranging a row on the lake, when, by the light of the moon, he would tell her his real hiſtory and name.

"I can even forgive that ſcoundrel Burnaby, and the name he choſe to aſſume," he thought, ſo charitably diſpoſed had he become. "If it hadn't been for the novelty of watching a girl who ſuppoſed herſelf in love with me, I might never have looked at her a ſecond time."

"Well, I thought I couldn't be deceived," exclaimed ſome one who had come up from behind. "I ſaid to myſelf, that's ſomebody I ought to know, I feel certain."

"Oh! what, Talbot, you!" and the two ſhook hands.

"I heard you were about here. How long are you going to ſtay? When did you come?"

"I've been here three weeks, nearly."

"Three weeks! bleſs the fellow, what have you found to do? I've come ſtraight from Streſa. You're going in to dinner, aren't you, or have you a private room?"

"No, I dine at the table-d'hôte. I'm waiting for ſome one," and he ſprang up the ſtairs to meet Miſs Hazel, who, at the rear of a long tribe of Glovers, was juſt appearing.

Even after this there was an unuſual amount of loitering, added to which, Jacobo, the head waiter, had to be propitiated into changing Mr. Adamſon's place, and ſeating him next to Miſs Hazel. The ſoup was over before they were ſettled, and the aſſembled company had leiſure to ſend round a meaning glance full of expreſſion.

"I look upon the whole affair as highly reprehenſible," ſaid the maiden lady.

"I wonder at the Glovers taking it as they do," ſaid the belle, "Mr. Croſby!"

But Mr. Croſby's attention was juſt then given to the newly-arrived gentleman, who was leaning acroſs ſpeaking to him.

"You aſked me the other day ſomething about Lord Afteriſk," he was ſaying; "look up the table, the other ſide, half-way, talking to a fair girl in black,—that's Lord Afteriſk—that's he."

TO MAUD.

By Herman C. Merivale.

Fair myſtery of God, we cannot know
The thrilling ſecret hid behind thine eyes,
Full of ſtrange meaning we may not ſurprise
From the vex'd paſſage of our life below;
Robb'd of the deareſt privilege we owe,
Hearing, and all that in the hearing lies,
How poor the richeſt that man's hand ſupplies
To lend thee all the growth that here may grow!
Weak children that we are, weak we remain
To eaſe the burden of such griefs as this,
And from the ſhadow of a nameleſs pain
Graſp but the ſunlight of a future bliſs;
Knowing the life was never lived in vain,
That yields ſuch anſwers to a mother's kiſs.

DEAF, NOT DUMB.

By B. St. John Ackers.

Great confuſion is often exhibited in books and writings concerning the deaf, becauſe different terms are uſed by various writers to expreſs the ſame thing, and the ſame terms to expreſs different things. It will be uſeful, therefore, to explain the chief terms uſed herein; they are as follows:—

"Deaf and Dumb."—Thoſe wholly uneducated; or who cannot hear or ſpeak though educated, or partially ſo.

"Deaf."—Thoſe who cannot hear or ſpeak before they have been educated; or who, having been educated, are ſtill without hearing, but can ſpeak.

"German," or Pure Oral, System.—That which is *baſed* on articulation and lip-reading.

"Sign" System.—That which is *baſed* on a ſyſtem of ſigns.

"Signs."—All, except:—

"Natural Signs."—Which are defined as *Such as hearing perſons uſe and can underſtand, e.g.* "Come," beckoning with the hand; "Go," motioning away with the hand; which are really *actions*, not ſigns.

"SEMI-MUTE."—Thoſe who are deaf, but learnt to ſpeak before becoming deaf.

"SEMI-DEAF."—Thoſe able to underſtand ſounds by hearing, but to ſo ſmall an extent that they would be dumb if not ſpecially taught by lip-reading and ſpeech.

"DEAF AND DUMB."—How natural does this combination ſeem! The expreſſion has been familiar to all from childhood. Let us ſee how erroneous the term is, or ought to be, as applied to this claſs, if only properly educated.

Before proceeding to do ſo, it may be well to ſtate what awakened my intereſt in this ſubject. In 1869, after many years of married life, our first—and, for long, our only—child was born. At three months old ſhe was attacked with fever, and was for ten days apparently at the point of death. When ſhe recovered, inſtead of the ſharp, bright look ſhe had previouſly ſhown, inſtead of awaking at the ſlighteſt noiſe, ſhe was wholly unconſcious of ſounds—her hearing was totally loſt. We took her at three years old to London for the beſt medical and ſurgical advice; but all was of no avail. What pained us much, almoſt more than all, was that no one ſeemed able to tell us what was the beſt method on which to have our child educated. We then applied to different ſchools; but heard ſuch oppoſite ſtatements that we were fairly bewildered. Each cried up its own ſyſtem, and there ſeemed no unprejudiced perſon who could help us. So my wife and I determined to ſearch and prove the various ſyſtems by perſonal inſpection—

primarily for the benefit of our own child, but never loſing ſight of the queſtion of the beſt method of educating the deaf in general. To this end we viſited moſt of the leading ſchools in Great Britain, Canada, the United States, Belgium, Holland, Germany, Auſtria, Switzerland, and France. The reſult of our inveſtigations completely proved the ſuperiority of one ſyſtem, the "German" or pure oral, and that the one againſt which we, as Engliſh people, had naturally been moſt prejudiced before we had ſtudied the ſubject. This reſult we commend to the conſideration of all who have deaf children of their own, and to all others who take an intereſt in the amelioration of one of the ſaddeſt phyſical loſſes that can befall mankind.

It is very important carefully to diſtinguiſh between thoſe born deaf and thoſe who have loſt their hearing from illneſs or other cauſe. Theſe two claſſes are generally called "congenital" and "accidental."

CONGENITAL DEAFNESS.—Two of the chief cauſes are *blood relationſhip of parents; and one or both parents being congenitally, not accidentally, deaf.*

Now, it would be well, before going any further, to get rid of the idea ſo common amongſt hearing people, that deaf children are quite different from others. For inſtance, it is often imagined that they muſt be of weak intellect. This is a great miſtake. True, ſome have not full mental development, which is not to be wondered at when the cauſes of congenital and

accidental deafneſs are conſidered, the diſeaſe which takes away hearing often leaving mind and body in an enfeebled condition. Such, however, is juſt as often the caſe with hearing children after ſuffering like maladies. The brain is uninjured in the vaſt majority of the deaf, and is exactly the ſame as that of hearing children.

Another very common fallacy is that the child does not ſpeak, and is dumb, on account of ſome malformation of the vocal organs. Now, this is ſo rare a caſe, if indeed it exiſt at all, that it cannot be claſſed as one of the cauſes of dumbneſs. Indeed, there are but two cauſes of abſolute dumbneſs, viz., want of brain power, and deafneſs. As the latter cauſes dumbneſs only, on account of want of proper education, the former is the only true cauſe; the general term "deaf and dumb" is really an unnatural and artificial one expreſſing the reſult of neglect.

Blood relationſhip of parents.—Some authorities affirm that there are more caſes of congenital deafneſs from the marriage of firſt couſins than from all other cauſes put together. Others go further, being againſt any blood-relationſhip of parents; and we have heard it aſſerted that the children of ſecond couſins are even more often deaf than thoſe of firſt couſins. But though there are, doubtleſs, many caſes of congenitally deaf children, the iſſue of the former, I believe it to be quite exceptional where the number exceeds thoſe born of the latter; and one great ſtep in advance would be gained if the marriages of firſt couſins were to become leſs frequent—as

they ought to be, and would be, I believe, were it generally known how many idiots, deformed, blind, and deaf come of ſuch unions. Inſtances could be given of whole families of ſuch deaf children, one family mentioned to us being eight in number, all congenitally and totally deaf.

One or both parents being congenitally, not accidentally, deaf.—Many perſons think this even a more fruitful ſource of congenital deafneſs than any other. Certainly it is a very great ſource of ſuch affliction, and one that is looked upon with leſs dread than it deſerves; frequently becauſe parents, ſpoken of as congenitally deaf, really loſt their hearing when ſo young that they have ever ſince been looked upon as having been born deaf. We all know the proverb, "Like begets like;" and it is an indiſputable fact that a far larger proportion of the deſcendants of even one toto-congenitally deaf parent are deaf, than when both parents are hearing perſons.

There are thoſe who think that, becauſe the children of ſome parents both congenitally deaf can all hear, (though this is very rare, and I believe the caſe does not exiſt where ſome children or deſcendants of ſuch parents are not deaf,) the evil of ſuch marriages has been exaggerated. But what is this argument worth? It is worth juſt as much as that of a perſon who ſhould attempt to ignore the phyſical evils produced by drink, becauſe perſons have been known to get drunk every night of their lives, and yet live to be old. As well might argument be uſed againſt care in ſanitary matters, becauſe one or

two very old and healthy people may be found where bad water and worſe drainage prevail.

Take the caſe of Martha's Vineyard, Maſſachuſetts, U.S.A., where we find the alarming number of fully one in every hundred and fifty of the preſent inhabitants deaf, inſtead of one in fifteen hundred, or ten times the uſual average. All theſe deaf and dumb perſons are deſcended from one common anceſtor, himſelf deaf. In many caſes which we ourſelves inquired into, *all* the children of two perſons congenitally deaf were congenitally deaf too. Surely, then, at leaſt the marriages of the congenitally deaf with each other ought to be avoided. How is this to be accompliſhed? The beſt way to prevent ſuch marriages is by teaching and training the deaf on the "German" ſyſtem, ſo as to make them mix with and be as much like their hearing fellow-creatures as poſſible.

It is moſt important to dwell on the neceſſity of thus educating toto-congenitals; all the more ſo now that the advocates of the "Sign" ſyſtem allow the value of teaching ſome articulation to moſt of the "ſemi-mute" and "ſemi-deaf," but ſtill deny the uſe of attempting any articulation with the "toto-congenitals," except in very rare inſtances.

Were the deaf to be born and trained for the ſake of ſpending their lives in inſtitutions, this might be ſo; but very far from this is the lot of almoſt all. Inſtitution life can be but the lot of very few, viz., of thoſe taught in the "Sign" ſyſtem who become teachers of other deaf mutes.

Almoſt all have, before long, to leave what has to them become a happy home, where every one underſtands and uſes the language of ſigns, and to take their place in the world, often a very rough and unſympathetic world, and earn their daily bread. Here they can ſcarcely ever meet with any one able to uſe the language of ſigns, and very, very few who know the finger alphabet. But it may be ſaid, "They, too, have writing." Yes, but what does this amount to?

However much knowledge or education may be juſtly claimed for the deaf mute inſtructed upon the "Sign" ſyſtem, ſuch knowledge is to hearing perſons in a great meaſure a ſealed book, by reaſon of the want of a proper communication between the two claſſes. The deaf and dumb, in conſequence of the peculiar nature of his inſtruction, the "Sign" ſyſtem, which gives him language in an inverted order, has a difficulty in making himſelf underſtood by writing, and in comprehending the writing of ordinary hearing perſons. His own knowledge of language is very imperfect, and few of thoſe with whom he daily aſſociates are ſufficiently educated to read and write with comfort, and many, we know, cannot do ſo at all.

If the deaf are unable to mix comfortably with hearing perſons, they will naturally ſhrink from them; be drawn to others like themſelves; marry thoſe ſimilarly afflicted, and ſo, alas, too often hand down and increaſe the evil.

Here it is appropriate to mention that it is one of the many advantages of the "German,"

or pure oral, ſyſtem that the voice of the pupil is kept up and uſed regularly. This is a great help in caſes of weak lungs, ſo prevalent among the deaf. Care ſhould be taken never to check the natural noiſes and exclamations of the deaf when very young—which is frequently done becauſe the ſounds they make are often unpleaſant before they have been taught, and ſo the beſt and moſt valuable aids to articulation are loſt, and the health riſked.

ACCIDENTAL DEAFNESS.—It would take too long to go into the many cauſes of accidental deafneſs, chief among which in this country are ſcarlet fever, and improper treatment of the ear. It may be well to give the leading features of the two great ſyſtems, "German" and "Sign," as at preſent practiſed.

The "German," or pure oral, ſyſtem teaches by articulation and lip-reading; the "Sign" ſyſtem by ſigns, dactylology (*i.e.* the manual alphabet), and pantomime. Writing and pictures are, of courſe, common to each ſyſtem.

The "German" ſyſtem teaches the pupils *from the firſt* to think in the order of the language of their country, whereas the "Sign" ſyſtem teaches the pupils to think in the order of ſigns, which is an inverted order, ſo far as Engliſh and other European languages go, *e.g.* "Cart draw horſe." It alſo ignores particles and other things neceſſary to ordinary Engliſh.

Here a few words on the "Combined" method may not be out of place. It is ſo called becauſe it tries to combine parts of each

of the two great oppoſing ſyſtems. The teaching, being *baſed* on ſigns, is far nearer the "Sign" than the "German," or pure oral, ſyſtem, though ſome articulation is attempted with each pupil; a ſyſtem which has brought, and always will bring, articulation into diſrepute; for it is uſeleſs to think of teaching articulation ſucceſſfully unleſs it be, as on the "German" ſyſtem, the *baſis* of inſtruction without any admixture of ſigns, or manual alphabet, which muſt be wholly unknown to ſuch deaf children; ſo that they may always think and expreſs ideas in the order of the language of their country, which is next to impoſſible if taught upon any ſyſtem which is *baſed* on ſigns, or where ſigns and the manual alphabet are allowed.

The "German," or pure oral, ſyſtem teaches its pupils to think, read, write, and ſpeak with comparative eaſe in the language of their country, during their ſchool life. By ſo doing it makes them leſs ſeparated from hearing perſons; and thus enables them on leaving ſchool to go on improving their language; ſpeech and lip-reading making them figuratively leſs deaf, and really leſs dumb, indeed not dumb at all, and ſo they are able to fight for themſelves the battle of life in a way wholly unknown to thoſe who have been taught under the "Sign" ſyſtem.

Here it may be well to ſay a few words about thoſe who have left Inſtitutions and ſchool life and gone out into the world. It is a fact that I have never heard diſputed, that toto-congenitals educated on the "Sign" ſyſtem ſeldom or never

riſe, even in the humbler walks of life. True, they are often good workmen, ſkilful lithographers or the like, but rarely, if ever, become maſter-men, with others employed under them. Such, however, is not the caſe with thoſe taught on the "German" ſyſtem; many more riſe in life. The greater eaſe with which they can communicate with the outer world is a great help to them. Some riſe to be wealthy. We ſaw one in Vienna, a fancy-leather merchant—all the caſes here given are toto-congenital— who employed ſeventy men under him; whoſe premiſes the Emperor and Empreſs of Auſtria viſited before the great Vienna Exhibition; who not only had a thorough command of the ſpoken and written language of his country, but underſtood a little Engliſh; who had viſited England and other countries; was a practical horticulturiſt, and altogether an agreeable, intelligent, wealthy man—wealthy from his education on the "German," or pure oral, ſyſtem having enabled him to utilize his talents and induſtry.

We ourſelves have ſeen toto-congenital deaf, in almoſt every rank of life, who, had they been educated, as almoſt all were—and moſt, alas! are ſtill in our own land—on the "Sign" ſyſtem, would have been called, and rightly ſo too, "deaf and dumb;" but with whom we converſed —underſtanding their ſpeech and being underſtood by them, though we were foreigners. We do not pretend to aſſert, and we do not believe any "German" ſyſtem teacher ever has aſſerted, that the toto-congenitally deaf can ever ſpeak as

well as hearing perſons; but we do aſſert that they can be taught to ſpeak ſo as to be underſtood by all, and to lip-read ſo as to underſtand what is ſaid to them by word of mouth.

It appears hardly neceſſary to inſiſt upon the great value of ſpeech to the deaf, it ſeems to need no argument in its favour; only ſo much diſcredit is attempted to be thrown by "Sign" and "Combined" ſyſtem teachers on the uſe the deaf make of ſpeech in after-life, that I will give the particulars of one or two more adult deaf perſons out of many that have come under our own notice, who had been educated in "German," or pure oral, ſyſtem ſchools.

We ſaw ſpecimens of theſe, ſome in workſhops, ſome milliners, ſome married to hearing perſons, ſome at home with their parents, ſome maſter tradeſmen, &c.; all, I again remark, were toto-congenital.

We aſked their fellow-workmen, their employers, their workpeople, their relations, and with thoſe whom they lodged, "How do they communicate with hearing perſons?" and were univerſally anſwered, often with embarraſſing aſtoniſhment at ſuch a queſtion, "Why, by ſpeaking, of courſe!"

One caſe, that of a poor woman living with an aunt, is worthy of ſpecial notice, ſhowing, as it does, that the education given on the "German" ſyſtem is good, and not loſt afterwards. She had left ſchool ſome twelve years, and lived in a part of Germany where one of the many dialects prevailing in that country was ſpoken. Her

aunt, a garrulous old woman, chattered at ſuch a rate, that my wife, though a good German ſcholar, was ſometimes at fault, as was alſo the German lady who acted as my interpreter. More than once, when ſuch was the caſe, my wife aſked the deaf niece, whoſe purer German interpreted the ſentence.

Another caſe was that of a young woman who was a leading dreſſmaker in a ſmall German capital. She was rather ſhy at firſt. On our mentioning this to the landlord of the hotel where we were ſtaying, he called the hotel porter, who was engaged to the deaf dreſſmaker, and told him that we had not found his ſweetheart very communicative. Whereupon the porter begged we would, eſcorted by himſelf, give her another trial. So off we ſtarted, but met the young woman ſoon after we left the hotel. The meeting of the two lovers was moſt amuſing. He took her roundly to taſk for appearing to ſo little advantage on our firſt acquaintance, and after ſome lively ſparring—rattled off between them juſt as though both, inſtead of one only, had been hearing perſons—we chimed in, and had a long and pleaſant talk. She aſſured us that, in following her occupation, the only means of communication between herſelf and thoſe who employed her, were articulation and lip-reading. Writing was never had recourſe to; finger-talking and ſigns ſhe did not underſtand.

Space will not allow of more than one other inſtance. We went into a baker's ſhop in Fried-

berg who had a toto-congenital deaf workman. That very morning a man had been convicted for theft principally on the evidence given, *vivâ voce*, in the open court by that deaf workman, who ſtood the teſt of examination and croſs-examination without any other method of communication being uſed than word of mouth.

Thoſe who attended the International Congreſs at Milan in 1880 will not readily forget, amongſt the old pupils of the ſchool for the poor of that province, an artiſan who told us that he had an elder ſiſter deaf and dumb. When aſked if ſhe was happy, he ſaid that ſhe had been educated before the "Pure Oral" ſyſtem had been adopted at Milan, and ſo was very lonely, whereas he could talk with any one. Words fail to expreſs that man's gratitude for the priceleſs bleſſing of ſpeech. Tears came into his eyes, and to thoſe of moſt of his hearers, as he graphically contraſted his ſiſter's helpleſſneſs and his own happy independence; his ſiſter's iſolation and his communion with his fellow-men.

It ſhould be noted that it is for the poor that education on this ſyſtem is ſo eſpecially deſirable. It is to the poor that the gift of ſpeech is of ſuch great value to enable them to make themſelves underſtood by the world at large.

It cannot be too clearly borne in mind that there are three chief things to be taught the deaf,—*articulation* (with *lip-reading*), *language*, and *mental development;* and the ſkilful, conſcientious, good teacher of the "German," or pure oral, ſyſtem, will never allow any one of theſe to

be in advance of the other. This is not always an eaſy taſk under any circumſtances; parents ſhould not make it impoſſible by their impatience—in the end they will be fully rewarded. "To be well grounded is half the battle" in all education, but more than half with the deaf; the difficulty with them to get out of bad or ſlovenly habits of ſpeaking, writing, or thought being tenfold greater than with hearing perſons.

If parents would but be anxious for *good*, not *much*, teaching! There need be no limit to the power of the deaf, taught on the "German," or pure oral, ſyſtem, when once well grounded, educating themſelves after they leave ſchool, provided they have the time and the deſire to do ſo. But if they are turned out with uneven teaching—and either their language exceed their ſpeech, in which caſe they will never be able to uſe that language, vocally, with comfort, or their knowledge exceed their power of expreſſing it—they will be diſheartened, and rarely, if ever, improve in after-years; in running the race of life, one leg being ſhorter than the other, they will never try to win. But there muſt be trained teachers, or we ſhall never get good teaching.

Great has been the advance of late years, but greater far it would have been had a ſufficient ſupply of good and trained teachers been available. A great effort is now being made to enlarge the training college for hearing teachers of the deaf at Ealing, ſo as to enable the ſupply of trained teachers to be ſomewhat more equal to the great work of teaching all the deaf of this country

on the beſt ſyſtem. Before the training college can be enlarged, it muſt be bought; and this, together with the neceſſary enlargement and conſequent expenſe, will take many thouſands of pounds. All this has, be it remembered, to be borne here in England by private charity, without any help from Government money or rates. How different from even the pooreſt civilized country on the Continent, as Engliſhmen are painfully reminded at each International Congreſs on the Education of the Deaf. Even in England the education of children with all their ſenſes is enforced by the State, and very particular is the Education Department about the inſpection, examination, and help given to ſchools for ſuch children, and to the training colleges where the teachers of ſuch children muſt be educated. Yet it takes no notice whatever of the deaf and the blind, of children with one faculty loſt, who want and ought to receive increaſed care and education, although the Act of 1870 includes all children alike. Deep and earneſt remonſtrances have been repeatedly addreſſed to the Education Department, but as yet to no avail. The deaf and the blind are in a minority, happily, but minorities now receive ſcant attention. If only the majority, who can hear and ſee, would but take compaſſion on their leſs fortunate brothers and ſiſters, or would conſider the grave evil to the State from the preſent neglected education of theſe claſſes, a better ſtate of things would ſoon prevail.

In concluſion, it is not only thoſe who devote

themſelves to the work of teaching, to whom aſſiſtance ſhould be looked for in this matter. Money is greatly wanted, as already mentioned. Every one, too, can help the good cauſe by making known the benefits of the ſyſtem, and by immediately reporting every caſe of the uneducated deaf. All can help in ſome way. All can help by ſpeaking of the deaf no longer as "deaf and dumb," but as "deaf, not dumb." It ſhould always be borne in mind that there is no ſuch thing as a perſon born deaf and dumb, becauſe deaf.

Let Engliſhmen never reſt, therefore, till they have ſecured that, in their own land, at leaſt, the precious gift of ſpeech be preſerved, trained, and made the utmoſt of. Let them never reſt until they have wiped out the reproach that, by their very education itſelf, they have made many, very many, "Deaf and *Dumb*," all of whom might and ought to have been DEAF, *not* DUMB.

A VISIT TO VAUCLUSE.

By Justin Huntly M'Carthy.

"Avignon," ſaid the Poet very ſolemnly, "is an enchanted city." Here the Philoſopher ſmiled and the Philiſtine yawned, for each knew that their heart's brother, the third ſtar in their Orion's belt of friendſhip, the triple pillar of their wandering world, was drifting off into the blue ether, heedleſs alike of ſmile and yawn. The Poet went on. "Memories of all kinds brood over Avignon and ſanctify it and haunt it. The tiaraed ſpectres of popes ſtill hold their ſhadowy court in the receſſes of that grim palace; dim ſhapes of cardinals and chamberlains throng its antechambers or glide with ghoſtly ſolemnity down the deſerted ſtairways. Through ſome barred window the pale face of the priſoned Rienzi looks at the ſtars, or ſtrains its sad eyes to the ſouth, where Rome is and freedom and the antique tribuneſhip. But here, in the free ſunlight,"—the three were ſtanding on the bridge between Avignon and Villeneuve, looking down into the Rhone, and, to tell the truth, their lazy contemplation made them rather in the way of the paſſers-by—"here, in the free ſunlight, the thin ſhades of the paſt wear a more joyous ſeeming. Fooliſh, fluting, frivolous René goes

by with all the throng of troubadours and jongleurs at his heels, and the air is melodious with the ſoft verſes of the Langue-d'Oc."

The Poet pauſed for breath and the Philiſtine gently whiſtled to himſelf, "Oh, what a wicked young man you are!" and thought of the Gaiety. The Philoſopher was ſmiling at the vague generalities of his young friend's Provençal erudition. Then the Poet began again,—

"But in ſpite of all theſe many and mingled memories Avignon is decidedly a city of one ſaint. It is like Stratford-upon-Avon, or Weimar, or Naiſhapur."

"Now what do you know about Naiſhapur?" aſked the Philoſopher, and the Philiſtine drowsily inquired where Naiſha—what's-his-name was, anyhow?

"In Stratford we think only of Shakeſpeare, in Weimar of Goethe, in Naiſhapur only of Omar Khayyam—"

"You never were there," interrupts the Philoſopher.

"—And in Avignon we think only of Petrarch. Avignon is Petrarch. Vaucluſe is Petrarch. Therefore let us go to Vaucluſe."

Neither of his hearers agreed with the Poet in his axiom. To the Philoſopher Avignon above all things meant the cemetery, that ſpreading city of the dead which lay outſide the city of to-day and yeſterday, and the tomb of the greateſt Engliſh thinker of his age. Avignon to him was ſacred from its aſſociations with John Stuart Mill, and, though he would not willingly have

admitted that his was a ſentimental ſpirit, he h· laid his tribute of flowers upon the grave of h master with hands and heart as reverential as an Moſlem at Mecca. Avignon was his Mecca.

To the Philiſtine Avignon ſimply meant place where there was a reaſonably good hotel, where, thank Heaven, there was very little to ſee, and where the cafés were rather lively in the evenings. But though both conteſted ſilently and inwardly the Poet's axiom, they were quite willing to accept the concluſion he drew therefrom and to go with him to Vaucluſe by all means.

To Vaucluſe accordingly they went, driving pleaſantly through the fields, in which, as the Poet informed his companions, the beautiful girl whom Théodore Aubanel loved muſt have often wandered in the days before ſhe became a nun. As neither the Philiſtine nor the Philoſopher knew who Théodore Aubanel was, their comrade kindly informed them. Théodore Aubanel was, and is, one of the foremoſt of the young ſingers of modern Provence, ſingers who have faſhioned out of the quaint *patois* into which the *Langue-d'Oc* has fallen a far freſher and truer poetry than the complicated and courtly verſes of the old troubadours. Théodore Aubanel's *Libre de l'Amour*, his "Book of Love," is the "*Vita Nuova*" of modern Provence. Aubanel loved a young Provençal girl, and his love became a nun, and poor Aubanel was very unhappy, and wrote many ſweet and melancholy verſes, which his friends perſuaded him to publiſh,

nd ſo he became quite famous all through Provence, and his name was carried beyond Provence, and people read and ſorrowed over he "Book of Love" in Paris and even in London. Théophile Marzials dedicated to him his own ſolitary ſong-book, his "Gallery of Pigeons," and ſometimes a poet from London or a poet from Paris comes to Avignon and viſits Aubanel in his little ſhop—for Aubanel has his trade as Jaſmin had—and talks to him of poetry and love and youth.

The Philoſopher's kindly eyes are always ready to moiſten over any tale of poor human pain and paſſion, but the Philiſtine was frankly bored. He brightened up for a bit when Marzials' name was mentioned, for he liked "Twickenham Ferry" and ſeveral girls in London who ſang it, and he began to hum it accordingly, droning out the ſentimental words in a monotonous, tuneleſs faſhion, until his travelling companions implored him to ſtop. He revenged himſelf by pointing out that the country they were driving through was exceedingly like the Vale of Health at Hampſtead, and ſettled down to ſtoical ſilence until their vehicle drew up before the principal hoſtelry of Vaucluſe.

The queſtion then came whether they ſhould viſit the Fountain at once, or dine firſt and pay the viſit afterwards. The Poet of courſe pronounced loudly for flying at once to the hallowed ſpot; the Philiſtine was equally loud in his clamours for conceſſion to the calls of appetite; the Philoſopher was good-humouredly neutral.

As the Philiſtine made the moſt noiſe, and as the Poet was ſecretly exceedingly hungry, dining carried the day, and the three followed their grinning hoſt into a low, dark, and ſomewhat dreary room giving on a diſmal little garden and embelliſhed by two depreſſing portraits of Petrarch and his lady-love. The gentleman looked anything but poetic; the lady held a tall lily bolt up before her eyes and appeared to be ſtaring at it with more than Buddhiſtic power of contemplation.

There was conſiderable diſcuſſion as to what they ſhould have, which might as well have been ſpared, for the hoſt, who liſtened with the moſt obliging gravity to their various ſuggeſtions had already ſchemed out and partly prepared a meal which was in due time ſerved to them, and which had not the fainteſt reſemblance to anything whatever that had been ordered by either of the travellers. Yet, curiouſly enough, they were all contented. The cauſe of content was partly the exceedingly meritorious nature of the repaſt itſelf, partly the very conſiderable merits of certain flagons of a ruddy and potent wine, but moſt of all to the charms of the fair miniſtrant who played the part of Hebe in this Olympus hoſtelry of Vaucluſe. The Poet, who was always extravagant, declared that ſhe was the prettieſt girl he had ever ſeen, and at once attempted a converſation with her on the exiſting condition of Provençal poetry. The Philiſtine vowed that ſhe was a ſtunner, promptly declared himſelf "maſhed," and made himſelf of

practical utility by aſſiſting her to lay the table and arrange the knives and forks. The Philoſopher leaned back and blinked benignly on the follies of youth.

The meal was a very merry one. The pretty waiting-girl, whom the Poet chriſtened Flamenca after the heroine of ſome forgotten Provençal poem, and in whose form and features the Philiſtine diſcovered a marked reſemblance to one of the leading lights of Mr. John Hollingſhead's Temple, came into the room very often. She talked very pleaſantly, and laughed very good-humouredly at the Poet's compliments, the Philiſtine's ſomewhat ponderous efforts at pleaſantry, and the Philoſopher's more ſober interrogations. The Fountain might have run itself dry for all the Philiſtine cared, and even the Poet ſeemed for the moment to have forgotten it, but the Philoſopher was not to be trifled with. They had come to Vaucluſe to ſee the Fountain, and ſee it they muſt. Accordingly, "out of the little tavern they burſt," as the Poet, parodying Browning, was pleaſed to expreſs it, and began to climb with light feet and light hearts the winding road along the torrent bed to the Fountain which was the goal of their journey. It was late ſummer, and the torrent, which in winter and in wet ſeaſons foams and daſhes over its rocky bed, a veritable cataract, was now almoſt dried up, and only made its appearance here and there in a thin trickle. As they ſlowly aſcended, women and children darted out upon them from cottage-doors with photographs and other mementoes of

the place. They were not very importunate, however, and ſoon diſperſed after liſtening with great attention to a ſpeech from the Philiſtine in which he aſſured them that he had been in all parts of the world, and had never brought back a ſingle token or ſouvenir from any one of them. This ſtatement at once marked him out in their minds as a moſt unuſual ſpecimen of the travelling Briton.

At laſt they came to the Fountain, a deep, dark-blue tarn at the foot of a ſheer wall of rock which it poſitively made the ſenſes dizzy to look up at. Any thought which the wanderers might have entertained that they were doing anything at all unuſual in making this pilgrimage to Vaucluſe was promptly diſpelled by certain harſh realities around them. All over the face of the great wall of rock as far as the hand of man could reach, all over the ſurface of each of the many hundred boulders ſcattered over the hillſide, the names of the viſitors to the ſacred ſpot were painted in legible, glaring black paint. There were literally thouſands of names all about them, a very directory of dunces or log-book for the Ship of Fools, the Philoſopher declared angrily. His uſually gentle voice had ſomething quite ſtern in it as he rebuked a little girl who had ſilently followed them thus far, and who, producing now a can of black paint and a bruſh, invited the new-comers for the price of a few pence to avail themſelves of the opportunity of writing their names in the viſiting-book of Petrarch. She got her pence and a lecture, and her paint-pot was

unuſed. The Philiſtine would have liked very much to add his name to thoſe of M. Jules of Paris, and Mr. Jeffreſon Brick of New York, which were ſcrawled all over the place, but he feared to outrage his companions' ſenſibilities too deeply. So he refrained and conſoled himſelf by ſmoking a huge pipe on the hill-ſide, and trying how many of the ſtones within his reach he could throw into the Fountain without diſturbing himſelf too much. The Poet ſcrambled down to the Fountain's edge, and ſat gazing into its blue depths, and reflecting that Petrarch's face had often been mirrored in its ſurface, and that the echoes of the place had many a time repeated the name of Laura, and "*Quei ſoſpiri ond' io nudriva il core.*" The Philoſopher watched the warm light of the ſetting ſun fluſhing over the face of the great wall of rock, and tranſmuting its ſombre ſurface into a very Paradiſe of glorious colour.

But the ſun ſet at laſt, and the rock reſumed its ſombre hue. The Philiſtine knocked the aſhes out of his pipe, hurled the laſt ſtone within his reach ſucceſſfully into the water, and got up as he heard it ſplaſh with a look of infinite ſatiſfaction. The Poet ſhook off his dreams, and climbed back to his fellows, and they walked down to the village almoſt in ſilence. The fair Flamenca came to the door of the hostelry, to ſee them off, and wiſhed them a pleaſant drive with a voice in which neither the Philiſtine nor the Poet could diſcern the fainteſt tinge of regret. "She *is* a ſtunner,"

the Philiſtine repeated as they drove away, with a tinge of pathos in his voice. "Take care," ſaid the Poet, ſmiling and quoting,—

> Mai l'amour, l'amour, rèn l'aſſolo!
> A toujour ſam, a toujour ſet;
> Sèmpre brulant, a toujour fre;
> Toujour treſoulis e tremolo.

"What's all that gibberiſh?" aſked the Philiſtine, and the Poet told him that it was by Aubanel, and that it ſang of love, how nothing appeaſes it, how it always hungers and always thirſts, is always burning and always cold, and always trembling and ſhuddering. The Philiſtine obſerved that it was "awful rot," and the Philoſopher ſaid "perhaps ſome new Petrarch of Vaucluſe is feeling like that about our little Flamenca." "Perhaps he is," ſighed the Poet.

"TO ALL ETERNITY."

Song.

By James Hinton.

1.

So many love my muſic. But wilt not thou
love *me?*
A ſinger's wing'd wild poems flit o'er land and
ſea:
They meet the morning's glances; they travel
through the night;
The ſtars are glad within them; they give the
world delight.
So many love my poems. But wilt not thou
love me?
Let thy dear brown eyes love me to all eternity!

2.

The world is proud of ſingers: it crowns them
with the bays;
And ſingers crown the world's head with loving
wreaths of lays.
But thee I crown with paſſion; I give the world
my ſong;
I give to thee my ſpirit; it ſeeks thee all day
long.

I give the world my poems: my deep heart give
I thee:
Love me,—oh love me, love me,—through all
eternity.

3.

Full tired am I of ſinging, and of the laurel
crown
That hands of men and women upon my locks
preſs down.
I'd rather win thy kiſs, love, than all the crowns
of ſong,
For always do I love thee, all day and all night
long.
The world can love and leave me. Oh deal not
ſo with me!
Let thine eyes love and hold me—through all
eternity.

4.

O eyes the beſt and ſweeteſt that ſinger ever
knew!
O eyes through which there never ſhone thought
or glance untrue!
O eyes of which I'm dreaming the live-long
night and day,
Smile—laugh, and love and thrill me, but *never*
turn away!
The world has crowns for poems. Ye have a
crown for me.
O, ſweet eyes, love your poet to all eternity!

"THE DEATH RIDE."

A STORY OF THANKSGIVING DAY, FEB. 27, 1872.

By Hawley Smart.

"Do I ſleep? do I dream?
Do I wonder and doubt?
Are things what they ſeem,
Or is viſions about?"

I am not given to early riſing. I hold getting up with the lark to be an erroneous arrangement, and thoroughly agree with Charles Lamb that for a mere human gentleman, who has no orcheſtra buſineſs to call him to ſuch prepoſterous exerciſes, ten, or half after ten is the very earlieſt hour at which he can begin to think of abandoning his pillow. No ſun's courtier am I. I like to linger abed and digeſt my dreams. In the language of Elia, I am trying to know a little of the uſages of that colony. It is the fervent hope that ſome viſion ſeer or ſpiritualiſt may be able to throw ſome light on the following pſychological phenomenon that induces me to give it to the public.

On the 27th of February, '72, her Majeſty went in ſtate to St. Paul's to return thanks for her ſon's recovery, and, as was but natural, her loyal ſubjects crowded every inch of roadway,

parapet, caſement, or chimney, to greet her in her progreſs.

Now, for a week previouſly, Thankſgiving Day had been a weight upon my mind. You will wonder why an inſignificant unit like myſelf ſhould have felt oppreſſed. I anſwer lazineſs and loyalty waged fierce internecine war within my ſoul. I deteſt crowds, I ſcorn proceſſions, I abhor early riſing, but in loyalty I yield to no man. Still, it was nevertheleſs patent that if I was to contribute my hurrah to the royal ovation from that ſeat in Fleet Street for which I had diſburſed my guinea, I muſt be—oh, grimmeſt of convictions—aſtir betimes. The debaſing idea of a compromiſe at one time actually entered my mind, and I was mean enough to contemplate doing my cheering from my bath as St. James's ſteeple chimed twelve. But my better angel conquered, and I gallantly reſolved that my lungs should contribute their quota to that deep roar of affection with which the populace would doubtleſs greet their Queen.

The ſtruggle was over, virtue and loyalty triumphed, ſloth and vice ſank beneath their feet. Frail, however, is humanity even when imbued with heroic reſolve, and like a prieſt of the "high Roman faſhion," I felt inclined to make the moſt of my ſacrifice. If my natural reſt *was* to be broken, what mattered it whether I roſe at ſix or eight; it was all one to me, the agony the ſame in either caſe. I would ſee all. I could then, if poſſible, make arrangements for not going to bed.

"The Anacreons," the club to which I am affiliated, I regret to ſay, cloſe their hoſpitable portals at four, and turn out not only the ſtranger, but the member within their gates at that hour.

Notice of ejectment has been ſo often ſerved upon me, that I can ſpeak with much confidence regarding this fact. I memorialized the committee on the propriety of not cloſing our doors on this occaſion, but my propoſition was ſcouted. I propoſed to ſeveral members to hire a cab to which to adjourn on the cloſing of the club, and quietly ſmoke till daybreak; but the Anacreons wax old, and that at one time frolicſome community, actually talked of going to bed betimes to be up for the ceremony.

There was no hope for me. In ſepulchral tones I bade the Mercury of my lodging-houſe bring me a cup of coffee and call me at half-past five; then, with a fervent prayer that he might overſleep himſelf, I jumped into bed.

"Conſcience makes cowards of us all." We feel keenly alive to the world's commentaries when we deviate from our wonted habits, and I could have ſworn that a ſardonic grin overſpread that imp's countenance as he informed me that it was getting on for ſix, and placed a cup of coffee and a villainous-looking candle on my dreſſing-table.

It ſeemed about ten minutes ſince I had laid my head upon the pillow.

"O what a mockery of a night is here," I exclaimed melodramatically, as with one long-

drawn ſhudder and a mighty wrench I ſprang from beneath the inſidious ſheets, and proceeded to that doleful ceremony which Marryatt has ſo fitly deſignated a privateer's waſh—"a lick and a promiſe." Reſolutely I gulp down the coffee, tumble into a pair of ſtrong boots, a thick coat, and a pot hat, one more lingering look at the ſheets and I fly from temptation.

I am up two or three minutes, and I find myſelf ſhivering in St. James's Street juſt as the firſt ſtreaks of dawn break through a ſomewhat cloudy ſky. The palace clock tolls ſix—clocks always *toll* at theſe unheard-of hours. I recognize the paſſing bell of my poor dead night, ſo ruthleſſly nipped at its ripeſt. No ſincerer mourner of it than I.

But the Londoners are aſtir already. As I turn up Pall Mall and gaze at the prettily decorated Guards' Club, moſt taſtefully draped of all thoſe Weſt End palaces, I encounter many wanderers who would fain ſee ſomething of the bravery of the great club avenue before the crowd renders it impaſſable. I view the ſcarlet-feſtooned balconies of the Oxford and Cambridge with a floating idea of climbing into them and ſleeping until it is time to cheer, they look so warm and comfortable, thanks to their bright-colouring.

Gay look the ſtands running alongſide St. Martin's Church. Gayer ſtill the ſtalls and boxes in front of the Charing Croſs Hotel. As I turn up the Strand the throng perceptibly increaſes, and there is no doubt but that London

is abroad this morning; of the artiſan and working claſs moſtly, keen, poor ſouls, to make the very moſt of their holiday. As I walk on I am conſcious of a dearth of pretty faces among the women, unuſual in a ſtroll through the ſtreets.

> "Myrtilla early on the lawn
> Steals roſes from the bluſhing dawn;"

but Myrtilla, hard-worked and early in the Strand, ſeems to make but little of it, judging by the pale faces I ſee around me; faces, too, lit up with intereſt and animation all the ſame on this occaſion. Steadily I tramp up the Strand, and look with admiration at the ſtands in front of the New Law Courts. It is not that they are ſtriking in any way,—they are well built and commodious, nothing more; but it is rumoured about that a cunning ſpeculator gave four hundred pounds for the privilege of that erection, and that the ſittings thereon had been let to the tune of four thouſand pounds.

Money! oh it is all very well to call it droſs, but one can't help reſpecting a man who has made his three thouſand odd on the day, and honeſtly.

Temple Bar! No, is it? or is it a triumphal arch? They have waſhed the dear grimy old gate's face, they have painted it fleſh colour, they have gilt all its nobs until the poor old city portal is scarcely recognized. It looks to me half aſhamed of itſelf, as if it proteſted againſt ſuch mummery, and deemed with all its old hiſtoric preſtige it might have been left to greet its

ſovereign in its uſual grim uglineſs. 'Tis hard to fancy the grinning ſkulls that former days ſaw expoſed there, this gay morning. Better the gilt and fleſh colour than ſuch decoration, I ween.

Half-paſt ſeven only, and as I live, the people ſtand already locked two and three deep on either ſide of it. They have taken their ſtations to ſee the proceſſion. Another hour and they will have little choice of leaving them. I take advantage of 7472, loyaliſt of hanſoms, and flying a miniature Royal Standard, who is quietly making his way through the Bar, and following in his wake, am quickly in Fleet Street.

Fleet Street, bright and glowing with flags and gaudy calico. As I paſs the narrow entrance of Bolt Court I chuckle; if one could but ſlip in and ſay to the ſhade of the lexicographer in his own words, "Sir, let us take a walk up Fleet Street." It is a day to make that grand old champion of Church and State turn in his grave. If ſpirits reviſit this earth, ſurely Samuel Johnſon hovered around Fleet Street on the 27th of February, '72.

As I go on I am loſt in admiration of woman's patience and perſeverance in the purſuit of pleaſure. The ſhop windows are decorated with maids and matrons. It is a chilly morning, and ſome of theſe ſit huddled in their muffs and peliſſes, motionleſs as the lay figures that decorate a faſhionable barber's ſhop front, others are chattering gaily.

Suddenly the abſence of the male belongings

ſtrikes me, and it occurs to my mind that theſe latter have ſent their wives and daughters to keep their places while they protracted their own unhallowed ſlumbers.

I had forgot all about my own window by this, but wondered how my wife would have taken ſuch a propoſition.

Great doubts are entertained by the crowd at this time upon two points. Will it be fine? and will the Prince of Wales attend? It is a rather undecided morning, and the day may turn out anything. Though a little lowering, it is as yet fair, and juſtifies ſanguine prognoſtications as to its being Queen's weather after all, though the downpour of yeſterday has made people ſtudy the ſkies. At the bottom of Ludgate Hill riſes the triumphal gothic arch which prettily maſks the hideous railway bridge. The latter is covered with ſcarlet-draped ſeats, and is as cleverly concealed perhaps as ſuch a monſtroſity admitted of. The crowd up Ludgate Hill ſwarms thick, though, bear in mind, it is not yet eight o'clock. The houſes are a maſs of flags and gay drapery. Myrtilla is abroad here with tawdry roſes in her bonnet inſtead of her cheeks, and a ſlight ſuſpicion of early gin pervading her appearance. Yet Myrtilla is good-humoured and orderly this morning, although the cordon of police drawn acroſs from the corner of the Old Bailey ſeems a ſource of some irritability to her. I rather ſympathize with Myrtilla as I have no police paſs, and conſequently find my further progreſs impeded.

But I philoſophically turn up the Old Bailey and conſole myſelf with its comparative quiet.

Grate of ſaw and tap of hammer have been ringing on mine ear ever ſince I commenced my pilgrimage, proceeding from the workmen ſtill employed in putting laſt touches to the ſtands and decorations. They reſound with more diſtinctneſs now that I have left the floodway, that rolls in a continually increaſing volume from St. James's Palace to the foot of Ludgate Hill.

I can hardly ſay why, but I wander ſome hundred yards up Newgate Street. I think it was ſome hazy idea of looking at that ſculpture of Sir Jeffery Hudſon and William Evans that drew me there. I ſtand and look dreamily at the priſon. The ſtreet is well-nigh deſerted, and again the harſh voice of the ſaw and the ſharp tap of the hammer, a little mellowed by the diſtance, fall upon my ear. Gradually a haze comes over me, I have loſt all recollection of the object with which I ſtarted, and my brain is buſy conjecturing how theſe ſounds may be read by an inmate of the condemned cell. I picture to myſelf a man with pallid face and bloodleſs lips, liſtening with ſtraining ear to what he deems ſuch ghaſtly carpentering. The quick ſtrokes of the hammer are all but meaſured by the fierce pulſations of his heart, as his fancy paints the ſwift-growing gallows which is to greet him at dawn. He knows that he is to look upon the ſun for the laſt time, that ere the god of light is far above the horizon his own life will have ſet in eternal night.

Still clangs the buſy hammer, ſtill ſhrieks the relentleſs ſaw, while ever and anon booms out the clock of St. Sepulchre, and marks the hour-glaſs of his faſt-fading exiſtence turned yet again.

He paces his cell rapidly, and the teeth bite through lips ſo colourleſs one would ſcarce think blood could flow from them.

As I continue to gaze at the priſon I am conſcious of loſing my identity, I have been tranſferred from the flags outſide of Newgate to the interior of the gaol. I am ſeated in a cart looſely ſtrewn with ſtraw, and my arms are pinioned behind me. People flit around me in dreſſes that appertain to a hundred and fifty yeârs ago. I do not feel the leaſt ſurpriſed somehow at all this. It appears perfectly natural. Such faculties as I have are all abſorbed in the knowledge that I am in the preſs yard of Newgate, and about to commence my death ride to Tyburn. I can take in no more than the fact that I am going to be hung. I have no idea why. I do not think I feel any deſire to know why. My ſenſes ſeem numbed and I feel a feverish curioſity about trifles; I want particularly to ſee the face of the driver, and wonder whether we ſhall ſtart before the ſun traverſes the further angle of the courtyard. I move querulouſly on my ſeat; it is uncomfortable, and as I look down upon it I ſee that I am ſitting upon my own coffin; my attention is abſorbed by this. I am loſt in ſpeculation as to whether it will be big enough, and where will they put it afterwards, and then again comes the dull

reflection that I am going to be hung. Eight clangs out from St. Sepulchre's ſteeple, and the cart moves ſlowly forward.

I note two things, that I have a mounted eſcort, and that the ſun has not yet traverſed that far angle of the yard. Oppoſite the church we ſtop; down the ſteps trip ſome ten or a dozen maidens—one of them makes a ſhort ſpeech, and finiſhes by preſenting me with a noſegay, and ſaying,—

"May God have mercy on your ſoul!"

I take the flowers mechanically. With the exception of her laſt words I have no idea what ſhe ſaid. I am gazing vacantly at the church, and wondering whether I ſhall be buried there.

I am going to be hung. There ſeems nothing incongruous to me in the Holborn Viaduct and its gay ſtands as the cart moves on. One thing only puzzles me: why are thoſe ſeats all vacant? That they are there for ſpectators to view my death-ride I entertain no doubt, but why are they untenanted? Then ſomehow it occurs to me that the ſpirits of thoſe that have dreed their doom on Tyburn tree are permitted to witneſs the proceſſion of their fellow-ſufferers who may travel the ſame grim road.

I picture thoſe benches full of hanged men's ghoſts—from Claude Duval in laced coat and plumed hat, to Jack Sheppard with his cloſe-cropped bullet-head, I ſee them all.—Men and women who died in their ſhoes.—I gaze at mine, and that they are laced boots inſtead of buckled ſhoes troubles me.

Up Holborn, gay with flags, all decked out to ſee a man wend his way to the gallows. But why am I going there? For the firſt time this thought intrudes itſelf. What was I tried for?

But it paſſes away almoſt immediately, and for the twentieth time I endeavour to catch a glimpſe of the driver's face. There are plenty of people afoot here, but they don't ſeem to take ſufficient cognizance of me. Do they know I am on my way to Tyburn? I bend down and once more ſtare vacantly at my ghaſtly ſeat. It again occurs to me that it is not long enough. If I were not pinioned I think I ſhould ſtretch myſelf upon it to ſee. A feveriſh anxiety comes acroſs me upon this ſubject. The ſmell of the freſh violets in my noſegay changes the current of my thoughts.

I am away, far away from London in a ſunny, buſhy dell down in Devonſhire. I am plucking the firſt ſpring flowers of the year with a bright-eyed, dark-haired damſel, into whose ears I whiſper words of love, as I fill her lap with primroſes and wild hyacinths. Her cheeks glow, and the dark eyes look ſoftly up to mine. I bend over her, but ere our lips meet, a raven croaks from an adjoining tree, "Going to be hung."

I ſit up with a ſhiver, and my luſtreleſs eyes encounter Day and Martin's eſtabliſhment, radiant with decoration. Why ſhould they deck their houſe to exult over my degradation? What have I done that all London ſhould thus

triumph at my death? I think again confuſedly, what is it that has brought me to the gallows?—getting nearer, too, now, every minute. How fast the cart travels! Once more I am ſeized with an uncontrollable deſire to ſee the driver's face. I twiſt backwards and forwards as well as my pinioned arms will allow, but he ſits ſquare on the front rail and looks ſtraight between his horſe's ears.

Once more Holborn and all its pageantry diſappears. My thoughts are far away. I ſee a ſhingly ſhore on which the bright blue dancing waters fret and break. Beach tents and gaily dreſſed bathers are ſcrambling about the ſtones. The children's laughter rings merrily as bells upon the ear. I ſtroll with a dear friend, enjoying the ſcene. Prettieſt of faces from beneath the moſt coquettiſh of hats ſmile and nod ſalutation to us. Grim, weatherbeaten ſailors hoarſely recommend us to have a boat—"Such a day for a ſail, your honours!" We do take a boat; we have made a party; three trimmer maidens were never handed acroſs a gunwale, nor half-a-dozen neater ankles ever ſeen in ſuch tranſaction. My friend follows, but a burly ſea-dog waves me back; "Doomed to be hung," he mutters in a rough whiſper. A ſhiver runs through me as I once more revert to my own ſituation.

The cart creeps on. I ſtare vacantly at the kioſk in the Holborn Circus. I preſume it has ſomething to do with me, but my mind is too numbed now to take much intereſt in ſurround-

ing objects. The sun shines out bright by this, and Oxford Street is alive with people. I wonder why it is that the cutting the thread of my existence should afford such general satisfaction, and now I become dimly conscious that my progress attracts but little attention.

It may sound strange, but the idea that all these people are indifferent to my fate roused me more than anything that had happened since I had left Newgate. Was it possible that all these men and women did not know that I was on my way to Tyburn. Was it possible that they could look with so little interest upon one within an hour of eternity? Had the stony-hearted street no pity? Was no compassionate gaze to rest on me as I travelled on my pitiful journey?

These thoughts excited a feeling of indignation within my breast. Once more I asked myself, "What is it that I have done?" Still slowly rolled on the death cart—still that grim driver looked ever onward. "Typical," I muttered, "there is no looking back; I am threading Oxford Street for the last time. When 'the wane of life is on the lees' retrospection is useless." Next time I pass this way it will be in *this*, and I spurned the coffin with my foot. The indifference of the crowd had roused me from my apathy. I began, so to speak, to take a morbid interest in my own funeral.

Tottenham Court Road, and we halt. No need to tell me why. Harrison Ainsworth's song rings madly in my ears:—

"Where St. Giles' Church ſtands once a lazaar houſe ſtood,
And chain'd to its gate was a veſſel of wood."

I know they are about to bring me the famous "bowl of St. Giles." That ſtirrup-cup quaffed by all of thoſe who, like me, are bound for Tyburn. At laſt it comes, some one raiſes the meaſure to my lips, and I eagerly gulp down a mouthful.

"Curſes on you," I ſplutter, "it boils!" I hear ſhrieks of wild laughter, but above all ſounds the demoniacal "Ho! ho!" of the driver. I look up through the blinding tears that the hot liquor has brought to my eyes, and at laſt I ſee his face. It is that of a grinning ſkeleton.

"Ho! ho!" he ſcreams, "well ſpiced's the ale of St. Giles. Drain another tankard, fair ſir; you are bound for draughty lodgings."

"Drive on, ruffian," I retort indignantly. There ſeemed nothing more incongruous to me in being driven by a ſkeleton than about anything elſe connected with my myſterious journey.

"Ho! ho!" he laughed again. "I have driven ſome hundreds this road, but never ſaw acorn yet in a hurry for the grafting. Gadzooks, but life muſt have gone hard with you!"

"Stop," I ſaid.

"Oh, many a one has cried that to me, but we ſtop not the dance after you've once lipped the bowl of St. Giles till you've cut your laſt *entrechat* at Tyburn."

"Fool, I don't want you to ſtop. But tell me for what crime it is that I am on my way thither?"

"Another innocent, Ho, ho. Three fourths of my paſſengers would fain know why the world would rid of them. No buſineſs of mine is that. They ſettle ſuch matter t'other ſide of St. Sepulchre's; but never drove I man back who'd once lipped the bowl of St. Giles."

"Was that why you kept your face turned from me till then?"

The ſpectre nodded.

"They don't care much about you," he obſerved contemptuouſly. "I have driven them along here when the cart has been filled with noſegays, when the windows have been all aſtir with waving handkerchiefs, and there has not been a dry-eyed woman in all Oxford Street."

"Silence, villain," I replied.

"You're right; you've not much time left; it is but fair you ſhould have all the talk to yourſelf. *But,*" I heard him mumble to himſelf, "*I hate driving one that don't draw.*"

It was but too true; the crowd manifeſted not a ſymptom of intereſt regarding me. The numbneſs of feeling that had at firſt aſſailed me, on knowing that I was going to be hung, had now entirely paſſed away. I was as much irritated as my ſpectral driver at attracting ſo little attention. If I wanted to know now what it was that I had done, it was ſolely that I might judge whether my crime was ſo contemptible as popular feeling apparently voted it.

But we have reached the Oxford Circus, and paſs beneath the pretty triumphal arch that ſpans it. As we do ſo my ſpectral driver raiſes his whip, and pointing to the empty benches that neſtle among its evergreens exclaims ſulkily,—

"Not a ſeat taken. *Well, you are a failure.*"

It occurs to me that my conductor's language grows more commonplace as it becomes more apparent to him that I am not an attraction.

On again up Oxford Street with its waving flags toward the Marble Arch; paſt Meſſrs. Gillows' eſtabliſhment, with its gaily decked front; paſt Mortlock's china warehouſe, with claſſical vaſes ſo prettily wreathed with evergreen, and ever and anon my driver points with his whip, and mutters grimly, "Empty benches."

The ſun ſhines bright by this, and the ſtreets is thronged by people clad in holiday attire. Exclamations of admiration eſcape their lips as the various decorations catch their delighted eyes; but no one vouchſafes a ſyllable of notice upon me or my eſcort. My wounded vanity has by this abſorbed all ſenſe of my approaching fate. I am tortured, not by the idea that I am about to die a ſhameful death, but by the fact that nobody is apparently even conſcious of my preſence, ſtill leſs moved by the fact that I am on my way to Tyburn. I feel as if I could die twice over were I but the cynoſure of all eyes—the hero of the hour. Did not Mrs. Manning suffer in black ſatin before the face of thouſands. Why ſhould I be made away with in a ſnuff-coloured coat?

"It is all the dreſs!" I exclaimed aloud.

"It's a ſhame," growled my driver, "conſidering how they've dreſſed the ſtreets and all, you might have got yourſelf up reſpectable."

"I had no opportunity," I reply falteringly.

We reach the Marble Arch at laſt, and the ſpectre turns his horſe quietly down Park Lane.

"Stop!" I cried; "you are going wrong. It's in Connaught Square."[1]

"Pooh," he retorted ſarcaſtically, "there wouldn't be a ſoul there. You'd better go over Waterloo Bridge quietly if you're bent on it. We can't do you at Tyburn; you're a regular impoſtor—a common larceny lot, I ſhould think. Get down."

"But what is it that I have done?" I ſhrieked.

"Overſlept yourſelf, ſir, I am afraid," replied the quiet voice of my landlord. "It is half-paſt nine."

"Half-past nine!" I rub my eyes and ſit up. I am in my own bedroom in Duke Street. "Then I'm not going to be hung. Half-paſt nine," I repeat; "and why wasn't I called at half-paſt five as I ordered?"

"So you were, ſir," he replies, ſmiling, and points to a burnt-out candle and an untaſted cup of coffee on the dreſſing-table in proof of his aſſertion.

I meditate for a moment.

[1] The gallows at Tyburn were probably often ſhifted, but the preſent ſite of Connaught Square is looked upon as about the uſual place.

"Ah, I ſee," I remark, "I forgot to put out the candle, and never drank the coffee. I got up, went out, walked about, came home, tumbled into bed again, and have had an ugly dream. I ſee it all now."

If ever I ſaw the ſmile of incredulity depicted upon a man's face I ſaw it then. But whatever my landlord's opinion might be upon the ſubject, he kept it to himſelf.

A LOVER'S PRAYER.

BY PHILIP BOURKE MARSTON.

BECAUSE I am ſo very near thy feet,
O love, forbear;
One look more tender, or one word more ſweet,
And I am there.

Thou haſt all hearts to take into thine hands;
So let mine be,—
This heart which only too well underſtands
To worſhip thee.

O love, ſo ſweet thy touch, ſo ſweet thy tone,
Thy ſmile ſo ſweet,
That if thou will'ſt this thing I am undone,
And at thy feet.

O love, becauſe if I am once thy thrall,
Yet love in vain,
I ſhall no more laugh lightly, nor at all
Be heal'd of pain.

I pray thee, love, to let me go my way,
And fill my ſpan;
And live my little uneventful day,
A common man.

Theſe trivial hearts that love thee, let them
ſmart,
They will not break;
But I, if once I yield thee all my heart,
Die for thy ſake.

Take me not quite then into thy control,
Nay, let me flee;
Let kingdoms interpoſe, and Oceans roll
'Twixt thee and me.

"HAMISH."

A CHARACTER SKETCH.

By Charles Gibbon,

Author of "Robin Gray," "For Lack of Gold," &c.

A SHORT, thick-ſet, red-headed, red-faced, muſcular man, in decent black, the coat of pilot ſhape, ſtanding on the hill of the Glaſgow Necropolis, near a newly-cloſed grave. His eyes were dull and weary, as if with long watching; but otherwiſe there was not the leaſt ſign of ſorrow on his florid, healthful countenance.

"There was no more we can do to make him eaſy, Ronald?" he ſaid, addreſſing his only companion, a tall, ſharp, black-bearded man.

"No more," replied Ronald quietly.

"Then we'll go home," ſaid the other, as if the whole buſineſs of the funeral had been one of entire indifference to him, and as if he had been only anxious to ſee that all things were done reſpectably and in order.

But juſt as they were about to move away from the place, he turned, gave ſome looſe earth an impatient kick, and then tramped upon it with a vigour that approached fierceneſs. Teeth clenched and eyes bright, he ſaid in a low voice,—

"He was a braw lad, Ronald, and a good lad, and he would have been the fineſt clipper captain that ever ſailed the ſeas—but, tamn her, ſhe would dee!"

And in his excitement he relapſed into the uſual Highland confuſion of pronouns.

"Yes, he was a braw lad," said Ronald reluctantly, and rather, as it ſeemed, to ſoothe his brother than with any belief in his own words.

Hamiſh was ſatiſfied with even this feeble admiſſion, and the brothers walked down the High Street in ſilence.

Hamiſh Mohr was the ſon of a Highland ſhepherd. He began life with nothing; he was now comparatively wealthy, being, with his brother, the joint proprietor of two ſteamers engaged in local traffic on the Clyde. Honeſt, induſtrious, and ſhrewd, he had fairly won his poſition without education and without influence. He had been a labourer at the harbour of his native village, carrying water and coals to the few ſteamers which called there. A wealthy engineer and ſhipbuilder had been in a ſtate of vexation with a new engine which would not work; Hamiſh happened to obſerve that the piſton was bent. To this fact he called attention, and it proved to be the ſource of all the trouble. The owner was ſo much pleaſed with Hamiſh's ſharpneſs that he engaged him on board one of his ſteamers.

Hamiſh was ſtubborn, but he was active and faithful, and honeſt to a degree. He ſpeedily roſe from deck-hand to aſſiſtant-ſteward, and

then to ſteward. Beyond that poſition Hamiſh would not go. He could not be a clerk, or manager, owing to his defective education; he would not be a captain, or anything elſe. He liked to be the ſteward, and to have the charge of all the petty affairs of the ſteamer. He liked to handle the tickets and the fares, and to watch the Glaſgo' keelies (thieves) who tried to "jink" the ſteward, and get their paſſage gratis.

He ſaved money (a frugal Highlander will ſave upon nothing a day), and by-and-by he was enabled, with the aſſiſtance of his firſt friend, the ſhipbuilder. to become part proprietor of a ſteamer on favourable terms. His brother became captain, but Hamiſh retained the poſt of ſteward for himſelf. He could look after ſo many odds and ends, and he could ſave ſo much more than an ordinary ſteward would take the trouble to ſave.

He was dour, he was ſometimes even uncivil, but the thorough honeſty of the man made him a general favourite, and many things were tolerated in him which would not have been endured in another. Beſides, there were ſo many droll ſayings of his afloat that he became, quite unconſciouſly ſo far as he was concerned, a humouriſt.

On one very hot ſummer's day, when buſineſs had been briſk in the ſteward's cabin, Hamiſh aſcended the companion ſtairs, and looking acroſs to the ſhore, whilſt he wiped the perſpiration from his brow with the back of his hand,

he ſaw ſome cattle knee-deep in a pool of water. With an intenſe ſenſe of the cooling effects of the bath compared to his own fevered condition, he exclaimed,—

"Corr-r, I wiſh I was a ſtots!"

He was ſometimes very arbitrary in his dealings with the paſſengers. A gentleman called out,—

"Steward, have you any breakfaſt ready?"

"You can have no breakfaſt this day," anſwered Hamiſh ſolemnly; "every plate in the boat is clean."

Another paſſenger aſked if there were any fiſh for breakfaſt.

"No, there is no fiſh, but I have ſome fine fluckies" (flounders), ſaid the ſteward.

An Engliſh gentleman, who had been waſhing his hands, objected to the towel which was offered to him as being very dirty.

"Ach!" cried Hamiſh, "you Engliſh touriſts was always complaining; there was twenty gentlemen from Glaſgow dried theirſelves in that toowel, and no a one of them ſaid it was dirty but yourſel'."

And Hamiſh turned away in utter contempt of the Engliſh touriſt and everything belonging to the ſouthern ſide of the Tweed. As a rule, although his temper was eaſily ruffled, his paſſion was not arouſed. But on one occaſion he was ſorely tried. Juſt at the time when the young Marquis of Cambrae came of age, Hamiſh and his brother had launched a new ſteamer. A happy thought occurred to

Hamiſh: they would chriſten the new boat the *Marquis of Cambrae*. It was ſaid and it was done. But very ſoon afterwards the marquis changed his religious views, and became a Roman Catholic. At this Hamiſh was greatly ſcandalized; thinking that, if for no other reaſon, for the credit of his boat, his lordſhip ought to have remained faithful to the Proteſtant religion.

"Tamn her" (the marquis) "turning!" growled Hamiſh; "I wiſh we had called her" (the boat) "the *Fenian*!"

That was the worſt name his ſpite could diſcover.

Hamiſh married a ſturdy country laſs whom he had known in youth. The union was bleſſed with many daughters, but only one ſon. The ſon was delicate from his birth; and, as often happens, the moſt delicate of the family became the moſt loved. In a dry, harſh way Hamiſh was devoted to the boy. As a baby he occaſionally fondled him, which he had never done with any of the girls; and when he was able to toddle about Hamiſh was in ecſtaſies. He took the child occaſional trips down the river with him; he bought ſweeties and toys for him, which he had never done for any of the other children. During the frequent ailments of the boy Hamiſh was in deſpair; and without ſaying a word to anybody, he ſet his heart upon ſeeing this child a man, and captain of a firſt-claſs Auſtralian clipper.

That was the ambition which became the

ruling paſſion of the man's life. Till now he had never looked before him farther than to calculate what figures he could add to thoſe which repreſented his ſtore in the bank. The boy filled his mind and his heart, opened a new world and a new field of ſpeculation for him.

The boy was peeviſh: Hamiſh ſaid it was ſpirit; the boy was ſelfiſh to his ſiſters: Hamiſh ſaid it was the girls who were unkind and vicious to him; the boy was often rebellious to his mother: Hamiſh made excuſes for him; the boy was lazy, ſelf-willed, and would not learn at ſchool: Hamiſh blamed the maſters. In ſhort, Hamiſh was ſo devoted to the boy that he magnified his faults into merits.

Hamiſh ſent his boy—whoſe name was Jan, to the beſt ſchools he could diſcover; and, having little knowledge of education himſelf, was unſpeakably proud of the little progreſs which Jan made. He ſent him to ſtudy navigation, and when the lad was about eighteen ſecured for him a ſituation as third mate on board a clipper.

On the day the veſſel was to ſail, Hamiſh was at the quay, regarding her with fond eyes and thinking of his ſon. All other officers diſappeared from his view. He thought only of Jan ſtepping on board, giving the word of command, and like a victorious admiral glorioufly leading the veſſel out to new conqueſts. His heart was full of pride and joy. His lad, his Jan, was about to make his firſt voyage, and to prove himſelf a great ſeaman.

But the hour for the ſailing of the veſſel drew

near. Where was Jan? The captain was iſſuing his commands to his officers; the hands, moſt of them more than half tipſy, were on board, but where was Jan?

"But you will ſee him running up the rigging in a minute and taking the big ſhip out beautiful," ſaid Hamiſh to his brother, with a kind of deſpairing exultation.

The captain was about to weigh anchor, and Jan was not at his poſt.

The youth was lying helpleſſly in a tavern cloſe by. A friend told Hamiſh.

"Tamn her," he growled bitterly, "ſome of thae villains have been playing tricks upon my poor lad. They was afraid that he would ſhow them what was real work."

Jan was carried from the tavern like a half-filled ſack of wool, limp and lifeleſs, and was pitched on board juſt as the veſſel was being towed out of harbour.

"Ay, but he was the braw lad, and he will ſhow them what was what, for all that," muttered Hamiſh, watching the veſſel till ſhe diſappeared, and feeling ſick, he did not know why.

So it went on to the end: Jan proved himſelf a worthleſs, ſelfiſh creature, but Hamiſh never doubted him. In his eyes all the ſon's faults were due to the wicked ſchemes of others, and all his blunders were quite natural (in the father's opinion) under the circumſtances.

Hamiſh procured for him many valuable appointments, which Jan immediately ſacrificed by ſtupidity, drunkenneſs, or ill-nature.

Still the father believed in him, and ſtill expected to ſee him captain of an Auſtralian clipper, grandly conducting his veſſel out of harbour.

At length Jan obtained ſuch bad repute that all the influence of Hamiſh, and all the reſpect which his honeſt life had earned, could not obtain an appointment for the youth.

"It was juſt jealouſy," ſaid Hamiſh. "They know he was the great man, and they was feared for him. But we'll bigg (build) a boat for himſel'."

Full of this idea, Hamiſh involved all his capital in a new veſſel, but whilſt the ſhip was building, Jan was drowned as he was croſſing the river in a ferry-boat. His body was recovered, and Hamiſh arranged a quiet funeral to the Necropolis.

The light of his life was extinguiſhed, but he never doubted Jan. In his eyes the boy was ſtill good, and brave, and honeſt, unſelfiſh, and pure of heart. But Hamiſh was never his old ſelf again. He lived only in thinking what Jan would have been, and he died muttering,—

"Ach, tamn, ſhe was the braw lad, and a good lad, and ſhe would have been the fineſt clipper captain that ever ſailed the ſeas—but ſhe would dee!"

MIRANDA.

By George Manville Fenn.

She was not tall, ſhe was not ſlim;
She had no waiſt nor ancle trim;
Her little feet—I can't be witty,
And call them nice—they were not pretty.

Her eyes—her noſe—her cheeks—her hair—
Alas! you could not call them fair;
Her mouth was large—ſhe had a tongue;
She wanted much—ſtay, ſhe was young.

And ſuch white teeth! and ſuch a ſmile!
'Twas ample, but ſo free from guile.
And when ſhe laugh'd—ſhe often would—
You felt as if—it did you good.

"Piggy," June call'd her, "Topſy" May;
"Tubs," ſhe was dubb'd by ſiſter Grey.
And ſiſter Maude, though ſweet as candy,
In half contempt would call her "Randy."

"Miranda" ſeem'd indeed a libel;
But, there, 'twas in the family Bible—
On fly-leaf, with a margin wide,
To Doctor Jones's fifth applied.

And while men courted May and June,
And ſang to Grey and Maude love's tune,
With kiſſes ſweet and interlockings,
Miranda ſmiled, and darn'd the ſtockings.

* * * * *

It ſeem'd a dream of ſtrife and burning;
Of deſert paths with ne'er a turning;
Of mem'ry blind, and aching bones;
And ſome one there like Doctor Jones.

And days like nights, and nights like days,
And nightlights ſhedding hairlike rays;
And toſſing high on giddy billows;
And thorny, harſh, and ſand-ſtuff'd pillows.

And ſheets that burn'd, or ruck'd, or clung;
And blankets bared that teaſed and ſtung;
With ſpots one pick'd, and pick'd in vain,
Upon that knotted counterpane.

That dreadful, dry, and craving mouth!
That never-ending, weary drouth!
That ſhook-up draught one took in sips,
Whoſe flavour foul'd the whiten'd lips!

Thoſe walls that ſeem'd to ope and cloſe!
The bed that oft-times ſank and roſe!
The cruſhing down of fly-ſpeck'd ceiling!
The viſions ſtrange of ſenſes reeling!

Then ſome one "Typhus" ſaid, and "ketching;"
And ſome one talk'd "a nuſs" of fetching!
Another—oh, forgive her, Maker!
Of "coffin" ſpake, and "undertaker."

I heard it all, as if while dreaming:
It ſeem'd to me—as if 'twere ſeeming,
And ſome poor friend was very ill.—
"There: now ſit up and take your pill!"

"There: now lie down and go to ſleep."
Then once again that hill ſo ſteep—
That weary climbing up and up—
A clink of knife and fork and cup.

A ſtrangely, ghoſtly, bowing ſhadow,
Caſt on the wall, and I so bad, oh!
Shade of a cap with mighty border—
The nurſe's, ſure, or my diſorder.

"I'm thirſty, oh, ſo thirſty. Nurſe!"
That more than grumble, growl, or—worſe—
That feeble cry—that want of will—
That thought,—"He muſt be very ill!"

No time, nor ſpace; no one at all.
No reſt, nor hope, nor room, nor wall;
No ſound, nor voice; no ſtrength nor breath;
No life—

Save—
One—
Faint ſpark—
No death!

Then ſleep and ſleep—and ſleep and ſleep,
The harveſt of ſweet reſt to reap;
And then a ſigh, and ſleep again:
That reſtful heaven-gift—anti-pain.

And then that waking! Ah, 'tis roſes!
I know that ſcent, when daylight dozes,
With ſummer breezes breathing, ſighing,
Can this be I ſo calmly lying?

It ſomehow ſeems it does not matter.
How nice to hear the ſtreet's ſoft clatter
Of voice, and tread, and turning wheels!
How downy, cool, the pillow feels.

A kind of *click*. I know that ſound:
It's ſome one ſewing, I'll be bound!
And now a ſnip. I ſwear it is, ſirs!
And there: ſhe's juſt laid down the ſciſſors.

* * * * *

Typhus, and catching. Hireling, nurſe—
She went to ſleep—did ſomething worſe:
That bottle large contain'd no phyſic,
The wretched hag—ſhe came from Chiſwick.

I ſhould have died, with ſighs and moans
In ſpite of good old Doctor Jones,
If, arm'd with comb and bruſh in bag,
SHE had not come to chaſe that hag.

Yes, come ſhe did to laugh at fever,
And I—I ſwear I'll never leave her!
She is my joy, my love, my pride,
Though all her charms may be inſide.

And though Miranda's lover's dumb—
It ſeems to her with ſhell-ear numb—
While I take love from hers in ſips,
Her bright true eyes can read my lips.

For ſhe is deaf—I hid the failing—
She hears nor tender words, nor railing;
And kind friends ſay—it may be true—
I've ſuch long ears, they do for two.

She never heard what ſongbirds ſay;
She only read of love in May,
But found all out—thoſe hopes and fears.
And how? Good ſirs, the heart has ears—

Auricles, doctors learned ſay,
To work our pulſes day by day,
With tiſſue ſtrong—cellular walls—
But never deaf when Cupid calls.

And I—I love her more each ſeaſon;
And ſhould you care to know the reaſon—
She is my wife, ſo true and truſty,
Though times be hard or I be ruſty.

For ſtill I go on yearly learning,
With ſimple joy, and tender yearning,
In life's oft toilſome, thorny lane,
A loving woman can't be plain.

THE THUGS OF LONDON.

By Colonel Malleson, C.S.I.

Everybody has heard of the Thugs of India, of their powers of faſcination, their friendſhip, their ſympathy towards the ſtranger. "They are the intereſting beings," if I may borrow the language of an accompliſhed Anglo-Indian writer, "whoſe ſole purpoſe in life is the ſtrangulation of their fellow-creatures, whom they captivate and ſeduce by their friendly overtures, and whom, when repoſing in unſuſpecting confidence, they ſuddenly ſtrangle with a handkerchief, in the name of their patron deity, Kalee."

Such, indeed, are the Thugs of India. But who and what are the Thugs of London? Surely it is not poſſible that the deſcription of the former applies equally to a ſimilar claſs in our land!

Yes, reader, it does apply, not indeed in the bare literal ſenſe, but with a modification which ſhows the trade of the Thugs of London to be in ſome ſenſe even more revolting than that of their brethren in India. Paraphraſe the deſcription above given, and you will ſee in all their naked deformity the Thugs of London. "They are the intereſting beings whoſe ſole purpoſe in life is the ſwindling of their fellow-

creatures, whom they captivate and ſeduce by their friendly overtures, and from whoſe pockets, when rejoicing in unſuſpecting confidence, they extract all the money they can command, in the name of their patron deity, ſelf-enrichment."

I am not ſure that this type is not more dangerous than the other. Eſpecially dangerous is it to men who have retired from the military and naval ſervices, and who, having aſſociated all their lives with men whoſe yea was yea, and whoſe nay was nay, are particularly prone to believe the ſpecious and plauſible profeſſions of the well-dreſſed raſcal who has "ſpotted" them, and makes it a trade to "run them in."

I propoſe to give in this paper a few inſtances of my own perſonal experience with this claſs of land-ſhark. And, though I may figure in the ſtory as the dupe, as credulous as Moſes Primroſe, and as eaſily taken in as the good vicar himſelf, I ſhall not regret if the expoſure deter others ſimilarly circumſtanced from falling into the trap into which I walked with my eyes open.

After a long ſervice in the army I had retired, and devoted myſelf to literature. Of literature I had been a ſtudent all my life, and during ſome epochs of my career in India, the employment of my pen had added largely to my income. When, then, I retired from the army, my means were eaſy, and I felt I could devote myſelf with a ſure proſpect of ſucceſs to my favourite employment.

My calculations proved correct. The very day that I landed in England I was offered work

of a very remunerative and intereſting character. I accepted the offer, and, to be free from interruption during the hours of compoſition, as well as to be nearer to the great centres of life in London, I engaged a room near Pall Mall, which was to be my ſtudy. Here I worked with great ſatiſfaction for nearly two years. Everything ſeemed to proſper. My books ſold well, and were well received. I renewed old friendſhips, and made freſh ones. I had few expenſive taſtes, but of thoſe which I had, there was not one which I could not gratify. The ſky was ſerene above me, and I could not have detected, had I ſtrained ever ſo much, a ſingle cloud upon the horizon.

It was my habit to begin work at about half-paſt ten; to go to my club for an hour about one; then to return and reſume; to leave off at half-paſt five, and to return home between ſix and ſeven. Such was the routine followed during ten months of the year.

It happened one day, however, in the beginning of the third year, that, after writing for three or four hours, I felt too unwell to continue my work; ſo, cloſing up everything, I drove home at an unuſually early hour, and entering the drawing-room, took up a novel to while away the time. My wife unfortunately was not at home, but I felt ſure ſhe would not be long, and I pictured the ſurpriſe ſhe would feel on finding, on her return, that I had for once preceded her.

Suddenly there was a ring at the bell. The ring was followed by a lady's ſtep on the

ſtairs. I made ſure it was my wife; when, ſuddenly the door opened, and a lady, whom I knew indeed, but who was a particular friend of my wife's, entered.

This lady, whom I will call Mrs. Cripps, began by excuſing herſelf for coming up when ſhe knew my wife was not at home on the plea that ſhe was only in London for a few days; ſhe had come acroſs the park, and that ſhe did not like to go back without ſeeing my wife; that the ſervant had ſaid ſhe would ſoon return, and ſo forth. Meanwhile I had put down my book, had welcomed her, and had aſſured her that my wife would only be too pleaſed to ſee her.

The converſation that followed was at firſt of the moſt ordinary character. Gradually, however, Mrs. Cripps turned it into the channel of her own ſorrows. Her great ſorrow was the condition of her ſon. This ſon, ſhe ſaid, had gone to America; there buſineſs had not proſpered with him; and yet he was ſo ſteady, ſo clever, ſo good, ſuch an excellent ſon. "And the worſt of it is," ſhe added, "I could get him ſuch an excellent berth in England—two ſecretaryſhips, bringing him in nearly a thouſand a year—if only I had, or a friend had for me, the command of a little money."

I had gradually become intereſted in Mrs. Cripps' ſtory. Her grief was evidently genuine. The ſon was her only child; and when, as ſhe proceeded, her ſorrow began to find vent in tears, I felt myſelf gradually melting. At laſt I aſked the fatal queſtion, how the command of "a little

money" could procure advantages ſo great. Then came out the whole ſtory. Mrs. Cripps had a friend, an old gentleman who had known her when ſhe was a child, who poſſeſſed large eſtates in the midlands, but who was now in London, devoting himſelf, for combined purpoſes of philanthropy and patriotiſm, to the development of the intereſts of his country. This patriotic philanthropiſt was in intimate connection with another gentleman, whom ſhe ſpoke of as the "prince," who reſided in Paris, and who was animated by the ſame diſintereſted ſympathies. Between them they had arranged two ſchemes; the firſt was the invention of a new ſpecies of waterproof, which ſhould unite to the repelling power of the mackintoſh the porouſneſs of llama cloth; the ſecond, a gigantic ſcheme for uniting London to Pekin by a new and improved ſpecies of telegraphy.

Mrs. Cripps had become, whilſt dwelling on the merits of theſe ſchemes, quite animated. She had drawn from a bag, which I had not previouſly noticed, ſamples of the rain-proof llama cloth and of the telegraph wire, and had handed them to me for inſpection. Rather amuſed than intereſted, I then aſked her how ſhe expected that theſe inventions would affect her ſon.

Her tears then recommenced, as ſhe told me that ſeparate companies had been formed to work theſe inventions, and that her ſon had been promiſed the ſecretaryſhip of both, if he could find any one to inveſt 700*l.* or 800*l.* in each. She then dwelt on the virtues of Mr. Hatton—the old gentleman with eſtates in the midlands

before alluded to—and how he would have advanced the money, but that he had laid out every farthing of his ready money in another ſcheme, which was to bring him a fortune, but which had not yet fructified.

She then aſked me if I would not ſee Mr. Hatton; that he would explain it ſo clearly; that he was ſuch a dear old man; that her own life was bound up in that of her ſon; that a longer reſidence in America would kill him. In fact, ſhe pleaded ſo ſtrongly, that before ſhe left I had promiſed to ſee Mr. Hatton, and, if his explanations were ſatiſfactory, to inveſt in both companies the ſums neceſſary to ſecure the ſecretaryſhips to her ſon.

It had happened that I had recently received 2000*l.*, and that ſum might, I thought, be well inveſted in giving comfort to ſo excellent a perſon as my viſitor, if at the ſame time it ſhowed a proſpect of returning a dividend.

The next day Mr. Hatton called at my office. He was an old man with a pair of foxy eyes, a grey beard, moſt confiding manners, and the jargon peculiar to the weſt of England. He was very polite, told me that we had a fortune at our feet; that the Llama Cloth Company was about to be taken up by ſome of the ſtrongeſt men in England; that there was a great ſtruggle going on to get on the board, on which there was one vacancy; that he was a member; that he would give a great deal to have me as a colleague, &c., &c. In fact, he was ſo plauſible, acted the part of the honeſt old country ſquire ſo perfectly, that he rouſed my intereſt, and

before he left, I, who had rarely gone eaſt of Temple Bar, had conſented to join the board, and ſubſcribe whatever ſums might be neceſſary, provided he could enſure my election.

Two days later he called again, and told me he had had a tremendous fight for it, but that he had ſucceeded on condition that I would ſubſcribe for 3000 ſhares. He ſtrongly adviſed me to comply; if I did not like it, he could eaſily get rid of my ſhares; that the demand for them was extraordinary, and that all I need pay for them was five ſhillings a ſhare; that I ſhould, at all events, abſolutely ſecure the ſecretaryſhip for Mrs. Cripps' ſon.

If you, reader, call me a fool, I ſhall not deny it. I agreed.

Having found me ſo eaſy a victim regarding the llama cloth, Hatton was reſolved not to let me go. He called a few days later with reference to the direct telegraphic communication between Great Britain and Pekin. This, he ſaid, is a better thing than the other. In this each director is to have 1000*l.* a year. The prince, he added, has all the capital ſubſcribed.

"Now, if you will ſubſcribe for 700*l.* worth of ſtock, you can have young Cripps appointed ſecretary; another 800*l.* will get you on the board. Your ſalary as director will recoup you in two years." Again I was taken in; I gave him the required cheques.

I will ſpare the reader all the details that followed. Let it ſuffice to ſay that the board of the Llama Cloth Company gave a grand

dinner to the preſs and to the public, which was paid for out of my ſubſcription; that from the ſame ſource it rented and furniſhed a ſhop in a prominent part of London to diſplay its wares; that as ſoon as my ſubſcription was expended it went into liquidation; that it was found that, with one exception, all the other directors were paper directors, whoſe qualification had been found for them; that that exception, a very worthy gentleman, had been taken in by the ſame country ſquire who had found me ſo eaſy a prey; that not only was there no demand for the ſhares, but it had been impoſſible to place them; further, that, though Mr. Hatton had at one time poſſeſſed a conſiderable eſtate, it was mortgaged to the laſt acre, and he had become a *chevalier d'induſtrie.*

The caſe of the direct communication between Great Britain and Pekin was ſtill worſe. The company, of which I was appointed a director, had not even been formed. Hatton and the so-called prince divided the ſpoil between them; and, though I have proceeded againſt Hatton and obtained a verdict, there are no aſſets.

Both affairs coſt me cloſe upon 5000*l.* I have only to add that young Cripps is ſtill in America, enjoying excellent health. His mother has ceaſed to call at my houſe. I aſcertained that ſhe and Hatton ſhared between them the ten per cent. on 3000*l.*, which had been authorized for placing ſhares!

I thought I had had a leſſon. The loſſes I had ſuffered, though conſiderable, could be

borne, and I had at all events bought experience. But an incident which occurred ſhortly afterwards proved that I was ſtill a fledgling.

I had been aſked to dine one night at one of the beſt reſtaurants in London, with a gentleman with whom I had but a ſlight acquaintance. We ſat down about ten. One or two of the gueſts I knew, but the majority were ſtrangers. There were, amongſt others, an owner of race-horſes, one or two men about town, a ſtock-broker, and a ſtoutiſh gentleman with a pair of the darkeſt and moſt piercing eyes I have ever ſeen. As this gentleman is to be the hero of the adventure, I will call him Firebras. He took little part in the general converſation, which was of the turf, turfy, directed to ſome event which was ſhortly to be decided, and in which the owner of race-horſes was intereſted; but the few remarks he made led to the impreſſion that he cared little for the turf and its belongings.

I had exchanged a few words with this gentleman, and, when the party broke up, he ſuggeſted that, as the night was fine, we ſhould walk as far as our roads lay together. I aſſented; and I was pleaſed to find that his converſation more than confirmed the good opinion I had formed of him. He ſpoke rather lightly of the party we had left; lamented the frivolous and ſpeculative tone of their converſation. "It is a great miſtake," he added, "to ſpeculate; whether on the turf, or on the ſtock-exchange; it's ſimple ruin. Now, I happen to know that our hoſt has a large account open in

Brighton A's. He never opens his letters, and one fine morning he'll find himſelf pinned for thouſands. No, no ſpeculation. I'm a buſineſs man myſelf, and I ſtick to buſineſs: the conſequence is, I am flouriſhing and at eaſe, whilſt theſe people's future depends upon a horſe-race, or a riſe and fall in a gambling ſtock. Bah! it is ſickening to think that men will be ſuch fools."

Theſe remarks, full of wiſdom, did not fail to make an impreſſion upon me, and a few days later I reſponded to an invitation my friend had given me before we parted, and called on him in the City. Firebras had magnificent offices; his name on every window; his table was covered with papers; before it he ſat apparently immerſed in work, his dark eyes darker and more ſparkling than ever. He ſaw that his proſperous condition impreſſed me, and ſhowed that he was pleaſed. Before I left he had aſked permiſſion to call at my houſe.

Firebras called—not indeed in the ſmall hours of the afternoon, but one morning after breakfaſt. He had called at that early hour, he ſaid, becauſe he knew I always walked into town, and, as his doctor had adviſed him walking exerciſe, he hoped I would not object to his company. This was the beginning of a ſeries of walks into town, walks adorned by the ſame ſenſible, anti-ſpeculative ſtyle of converſation which had attracted my attention on the firſt occaſion.

Gradually an intimacy was eſtabliſhed. We exchanged calls. Firebras lived in a houſe of his

own, well-furniſhed. His wife was an educated, amiable perſon, but an invalid. He lived quietly, but in great apparent comfort.

The train being now laid, Firebras prepared to ſpring the mine. He informed me in one of the morning walks that he was about to ſtart an outſide ſtock-broker's office; that everything was ready; the offices were taken and furniſhed; he had engaged the very fitteſt man for the purpoſe, and had arranged for correſpondents all over the world. It was a fortune, a certain fortune; but he had embarked all his money in his affairs, and the matter was ſtanding ſtill for the want of 300*l.*: could I lend him ſuch a trifle for a month?

I lent him the 300*l.* His ſtock-broker's office was ſtarted, and, according to his account, was a great ſucceſs. But what puzzled me was that, for ſome reaſon or other, he was now always wanting money. I was appealed to, now on this ground, now on that. His reaſons were ſo plauſible that I always agreed in the end, until at laſt my advances reached a total of 1000*l.* above the original 300*l.*

I was awakened with a very rude ſhock from the fool's paradiſe in which I had been living. A friend aſked me one day whether I was connected in buſineſs with Mr. Firebras.

"Beyond having lent him money," I replied, "I have no buſineſs relations with him whatever." I was then told that he had been guilty of ſome very ſhady tranſactions, and had obtained clients by aſſuring them that I was his partner.

I at once demanded an explanation and the return of my money.

When it became clear that the plot was played out, Firebras fled the country, leaving behind him his wife and child. I had the ſolitary ſatiſfaction of making him a bankrupt.

Before that I had made myſelf acquainted with his ſtory. He was an adventurer, who, little more than a year before I had made his acquaintance, had married a lady with 6000*l.* With this ſum he had bought and furniſhed a houſe in London, and offices in the City. Idle and extravagant, he had early come to the concluſion that it was eaſier to live by his wits than by labour. He made then a ſhow of work at his office without working. His time and money he ſpent in debauchery. When I made his acquaintance his reſources were at their laſt gaſp, and he muſt have gathered from ſome words I uttered that he could play ſafely upon me the card of non-ſpeculation. The walks formed part of the plan. The firſt 300*l.* were required to pay off threatened executions. Other advances were uſed for ſimilar purpoſes. I found out afterwards that an intimate friend of my own who had advanced 100*l.*, was paid off, on his threatening proceedings, with my money. I diſcovered alſo that the ſtock-broking buſineſs was a ſwindle, the tranſactions never being really dealt with, and the profits being taken when they had not been earned. All this was expoſed when the craſh came.

I aſk you, readers, if this man was not a Thug

—a man "whoſe ſole purpoſe in life was the ſwindling of his fellow-creatures, whom he captivated and ſeduced by his friendly overtures, and from whoſe pockets, when rejoicing in unſuſpecting confidence, he extracted all the money they can command, in the name of his patron deity, ſelf-enrichment?"

Why was I taken in? Reader, I will tell you a ſtory which was very familiar to me when I was young. For many years there uſed to appear in the ſame column in the *Times*, an advertiſement drawing attention to a perfect cob, ſuitable to clergymen and others, poſſeſſing no vice or fault of any kind. One day, a friend of the advertiſer ventured to wonder at the great age to which the cob had attained, ſeeing the number of years he had been advertiſed. "Don't make yourſelf uneaſy about that," replied the advertiſer, "*there's a flat born every day!*"

WILLIE AND HIS PET LAMB.

By Mrs. Edward Kennard.

Little Willie McKie's father and mother were poor people; ſo poor, that they could not afford to give Willie any toys, ſuch as moſt children have to play with. He had no bricks, no puzzle, no Noah's ark, no pop-gun, or pretty picture-books, not even a common wooden top; but for all that, Willie was quite contented, and far more cheerful than many a richer child. For, never having been brought up to luxuries, he did not feel the want of them one bit, and could amuſe himſelf perfectly well in his own faſhion.

Conſequently, by the time he had reached ſix or ſeven years of age, he had grown into a ſturdy, good-tempered, independent little fellow; roſy faced, bare-footed, ſhaggy-headed, but as light-hearted as a linnet. His father and mother were Scotch by birth, and lived in a little white-waſhed cottage, perched half-way up the ſide of a great big mountain. It was ſo high, that even in ſummer, ſnow often reſted on its topmoſt peak, while during a ſevere winter, moſt of the glens and corries became more or leſs impaſſable. All around, the undulating hills roſe up in one vaſt purple range, broken here and there by huge granite boulders, and tufts of coarſe green graſs,

where the wary ptarmigan ſought a ſcanty livelihood, and the keen winds whiſtled and bluſtered. It was a lovely, out-of-the-way ſpot, and as far as the eye could reach, not a ſingle other habitation was to be ſeen. The ſheep, the ſtags, the ptarmigan, the grouſe, were the only neighbours Mr. and Mrs. McKie had. But if you were a good walker, and were not afraid of a ſtiff climb, at the back of thoſe tall mountains neſtled a fair-ſized village, where moſt of the neceſſaries of life could be procured; and it was here, once a week, that Mrs. McKie trudged in order to buy flour, tea, and ſugar for the family; bringing back her humble purchaſes in a big covered baſket ſhe carried with her on purpoſe. And being a ſtrong hearty woman, in fine weather ſhe thought nothing of the fourteen-mile tramp over the hills and back.

As I told you before, however, the McKies were very, very poor, and it was no rare thing for Willie to get up from his dinner, feeling almoſt as hungry as when he had ſat down; while breakfaſt ſeldom conſiſted of anything more ſubſtantial than a hunch of dry bread, or a plateful of porridge, accompanied by a draught of milk. Perhaps the fine, bracing air may have made up for ſhortcomings in the way of food; anyhow, Willie throve moſt undeniably upon this humble fare, and was as ſtout and hearty a boy for his age as you could wiſh to ſee. Now, although Willie did not poſſeſs many toys, he owned a beautiful pet lamb, who was ſo ſoft and ſo white, he went by the name of Snow.

Snow was a remarkably friſky young gentleman, and would run and jump all day without getting tired. He lived, or rather ſlept (for in the daytime he was always out and about), in a little wooden ſhed, cloſe to the cottage; and every morning, directly he was dreſſed, Willie uſed to run out and pay Maſter Snow a viſit. Snow was ſo tame, he would follow Willie anywhere, and often they went for long rambles together over the hills, not returning until it was nearly dark; for if Willie did not know the way, Snow, by ſome myſterious inſtinct, always ſeemed able to find it.

Perhaps you would like to hear how it came to paſs Willie firſt became the poſſeſſor of Snow, ſo I will tell you all about it. One day, ſome two or three months previous to the time I write of, Willie had gone out as uſual, all by himſelf, for his mother was generally too buſy to look after him much, and juſt allowed him to play about as he liked. Well, on this particular day, Willie, purſuing a butterfly, got ſo far away from home, that when he began to think of going back, he could not find the path which led to the cottage. He found himſelf in a lonely valley, and being quite tired out, ſat down to reſt for awhile, wondering what he had better do next, for he did not reliſh the idea of getting loſt. All of a ſudden, he was ſtartled by hearing the piteous bleating of a little lamb cloſe by. Looking round, he quickly eſpied poor Snow lying proſtrate in among ſome tall ruſhes, and ſeemingly ſo weak, that he ſeemed

quite unable to ſtand on his four ſhaky legs, when he made a deſperate ſtruggle to do ſo. Thinking the lamb had probably got ſeparated from his mother, who belonged to ſome big herd of mountain ſheep, and that the ſhepherd would moſt likely be ſomewhere within hail, Willie took the poor little creature carefully up in his arms, and began ſhouting at the top of his voice, in caſe any one was cloſe at hand, ſearching for the miſſing lamb. But, although Willie called till he grew quite hoarſe with the exertion, and although the diſtant echoes took up the ſound of his voice 'and carried it far down the valley, no anſwer came, and the ſhepherd did not make his appearance. Meantime, the lamb ſeemed too weak and too feeble to be left alone. It was wretchedly thin, looking all tail, legs, and head, and evidently ſtood greatly in need of nouriſhment.

As it was now beginning to get dark, Willie ſet to work in earneſt to find his way home, and after ſearching about in a variety of different directions, at laſt, to his no ſmall ſatiſfaction, ſucceeded in diſcovering the path. Then, ſtill bearing the little lamb in his arms, he ſtepped out bravely, and before long arrived ſafe and ſound at the cottage, where he found Mrs. McKie already beginning to get anxious at his abſence.

"Why, Willie, my mon! what hae ye got there?" ſhe aſked as ſhe ſaw Snow's poor little quivering form, and heard the lamb begin to bleat in a thin, quavering, appealing voice.

"Where did ye come acroſs that puir wee creetur, laddie?"

Upon this Willie ſat down on the rude bench by the fireſide and told his father and mother how he had found the lamb, all by itſelf in the lonely valley, and how, after trying hard to diſcover its maſter, he had carried the little thing home, not liking it to be left to die of cold and ſtarvation. "It's but a wee bit ſickly animal at beſt," ſaid Willie's father; "and hae been born too late in the year to come to mickle guid. Still I hae ſma' doots but what it belongs to ſome pairſon or another; ſo to-morrow I will e'en go and hunt aboot for the maſter, for it wad na do for Angus McKie, or any o' his kith and kin to keep a creetur as does na rightly belong to them. Ye can underſtand that much, Willie, laddie, can't ye?" Poor as he was, Angus poſſeſſed a ſort of lofty Highland pride and independence, that forbade him to take any advantage of what might be a neighbour's miſfortune.

So, the very next day, he went off to aſk farmer Macpherſon, who owned moſt of the ſheep on the neighbouring hills, if he had miſſed a little white lamb from his flock. But farmer Macpherſon ſhook his head, and ſaid he really could not tell for certain, though he thought not. Then, when Mr. McKie told him how his little boy had found this one on the hill-ſide, he ſaid good-naturedly, "Weel, weel, Angus, a lamb more or leſs will no make ſo much difference to me, and ſince the laddie ſeems to have taken a

fancy to the puir thing, why, by all means let him keep it."

Mr. McKie thanked farmer Macpherſon for his kindneſs, and in the evening, when he returned home, told Willie how he had gained permiſſion for him to own Snow altogether. When Willie heard this he was very much pleaſed, and clapped his little chubby red hands together in delight. That evening, hungry as he was, when ſupper-time came, he laid aſide a portion of his bread and milk to give to Snow, who ate it up quite greedily, and who, after getting thoroughly warmed in front of the fire ſoon began to revive conſiderably. So you ſee now, that Snow would have been a moſt ungrateful lamb had he not entertained a great affection for Willie, who, in fact, had probably ſaved his life. As for the child, he was delighted with this new companion, and henceforth ſpent many happy hours playing about with Snow, running races with him down the mountain-ſide, and having all ſorts of merry romps together. For the little lamb, thanks to the good treatment he now received, ſoon grew quite ſtrong and well, and what with his playful ways, and pretty, ſoft, white coat, became a great favourite, not only with Willie, but alſo with Mr. and Mrs. McKie. True, theſe latter, as Snow grew older, ſometimes grumbled a little at the quantity of milk he drank, ſaying they were far too poor to ſpare ſo much, but knowing how fond their little Willie was of the lamb, they reſolved to put up with this ſtate of things for the preſent,

more eſpecially as before much longer, they hoped Snow would be able to browſe about on the hill-ſide, and ſhift altogether for himſelf, as the other mountain ſheep were accuſtomed to do.

Thus time paſſed quickly away, till one morning when Willie woke up he was ſurpriſed to ſee, on looking out of the window, that winter had come in earneſt during the night, for the ground was perfectly white, and covered ſeveral inches with ſnow, while long, beautiful, tranſparent icicles hung down from the thatched roof of the cottage, and the porch. Willie was quite pleaſed at this unaccuſtomed ſight, and got up and dreſſed as quickly as he could, thinking what ſplendid ſnowballing there would be, and what fun he and Snow would have, building a ſnow man together, that ſhould have two ſtones for eyes, and a bit of ſtick for a pipe.

So, directly after breakfaſt, he went to the ſhed and let Snow out, and though at firſt his little bare feet and hands ached with the cold, they ſoon got nice and warm when he ran about. Then he and Snow trotted down the mountain ſide, till they came to the little loch where the ſheep pauſed to drink at nightfall, and part of it—which happened to be very ſhallow—was frozen over quite hard. So hard, indeed, that Willie cautiouſly ventured upon the ſurface, and though it cracked rather alarmingly, finding it bore his weight, he ſet to work and made a capital ſlide. Being only a little boy, he tumbled about a good bit, eſpecially at firſt: now falling down on hands and knees, again flat

on the ſmall of his back; but he was a plucky little fellow, and thought nothing of a few bumps and bruiſes.

Even although once or twice he hurt himſelf pretty ſeverely, he never cried; but got up, gave his body a ſhake in order to get rid of the ſnow that ſtuck to his coat, and began ſliding away again as faſt as ever. And by degrees he tumbled leſs and leſs, until at the end of an hour he could go quite famouſly. All this time Maſter Snow kept friſking about the banks; but though Willie tried hard to perſuade him to venture on the ice, and join in the amuſement, nothing would induce him to do ſo. He ſhook his head, looked very grave, and ſaid, "Ba, ba, ba," in a voice of loud remonſtrance, as much as to ſay, ice might be all very well in its way, but, for his part, he preferred dry land.

Once or twice Willie tried to catch hold of him and make him come, willing or unwilling, ſaying Snow was a terrible coward, ſhowing the white feather in this manner; but the lamb only wagged his long tail with a ſeries of diſapproving jerks, and ſaid "Ba, ba" again, ſo decidedly that Willie gave up all attempts at coaxing him as a bad job. But even little boys can't ſlide and throw ſnowballs all day long, and at laſt Willie began to feel ſo tired, he was obliged to go back to the cottage in order to take a reſt. When he got there, his mother was juſt ſaying to her huſband, "Weel, weel, Angus, my mon, what weather this is to be ſure! Why, there's mair than a foot deep o' ſnow by noo'! if it gaes

on at ſuch a rate, I will na be able to gang to the town the morn. We maun e'en try and make the proviſions hold oot for a day or twa, though if it does na clear by then, we ſhall fall vera ſhort o' food, and that's jooſt the truth."

And indeed it ſeemed likely Mrs. McKie's fears were not without foundation, for now the ſky had once more aſſumed a uniform grey hue, and the big ſoft flakes of ſnow were falling ſo thick and faſt that they obſcured all the window-panes, and had already nearly obliterated the marks of Willie's footſteps outſide. Mrs. McKie went to the window and looked out, with a vague ſenſe of uneaſineſs ſtirring her heart. She felt depreſſed and out of ſpirits, as people feel when weighed down by an unconſcious preſentiment of coming evil. Preſently, and as if giving utterance to the current of her thoughts, ſhe ſpoke again.

"It canna laſt, Angus," ſhe ſaid, turning round and appealing to her huſband. "The ſnow will ſurely clear off before the food gets ſcarce."

"I hope ſo, laſs," anſwered Mr. McKie gravely, and then, trying to take a more cheerful view of things, he added, "but it's too ſoon yet to begin and faſh ourſelves, beſides which, many's the time afore noo I've ſeen the ſnow jooſt every bit as bad, and had it na been for what the meeniſter ſaid a few days ago, I ſhould na had thocht twice aboot the matter."

"And what was it the meeniſter ſaid, Angus?" inquired Mrs. McKie anxiouſly.

"Weel, he was telling me, that a' the newspapers, and almanacks, and ſic like, were predicting the hardeſt winter that had viſited theſe iſlands within the memory o' man. 'I ſhould adviſe you,' he ſaid, 'to look oot ſhairp, McKie, and lay in a ſtore o' food, ſufficient to laſt you a month or ſix weeks, for I dunna like the poſition o' that cottage of yours. It wad be an unco' lonely ſpot to find oneſelf ſnowed up in, and not a neighbour within miles to lend a hand, or come to one's aſſiſtance. So think twice o' what I tell you, my mon, like a guid, ſenſible fellow.'"

"Weel, Angus, and what reply did ye make?"

"The only reply that was poſſible, laſs."

"And what was that?"

"Why, that a mon's coat muſt e'en be cut according to his cloth, and that puir folks like myſelf ha'e no' got the ready money to lay in a great ſtore o' proviſions at a time. Wages, I told him, were paid but once a week, and I'd rather ſtarve than owe any pairſon one ſaxpence. The meeniſter he clapped me kindly on the ſma' o' the back, and ſaid, 'Bravo, Angus! you're a guid fellow, and I wiſh there were more o' our Highland laddies o' the ſame way o' thinking. But the whuſky bottle ruins many a fine young chap!' I made the meeniſter a low bow, for, laſs, when he praiſed me to my face in ſic manner, I could na help bluſhing like a ſchoolboy. But ever ſince then his words have weighed upon my mind, and his advice comes back to me like a loſt ſheep to the fold."

"But, Angus," proteſted Mrs. McKie, trying to diſſipate the fears that ſhe herſelf had helped to raiſe, "we hae often had worſe weather than this, and nae harm came o' it. Don't ye mind, how only laſt winter we were ſnowed oop for twa days, and jooſt as the proviſions came to an end, the ſnow melted awa'? Depend upon it, the guid God will protect His creaturs, and keep us frae ſtarvation."

"Amen," ſaid Mr. McKie ſolemnly, for they had talked themſelves into an unuſually grave mood. All this time Willie had been ſitting warming his hands and toes before the fire, thinking to himſelf, as he liſtened to the above converſation, what capital fun it would be if they were ſnowed up,—what a gigantic ſnow man he could then make; one who ſhould tower high over the cottage roof, and be as tall and as big as the great giant Goliath his father had read to him about in the Bible. Conſequently, he went to bed quite happy, having made a famous ſupper of porridge and new milk, revolving in his little head all kinds of grand projects for the morrow. But when the morrow came, even Willie was forced to confeſs the proſpect did not ſeem very cheery; for the ſnow was coming down faſter than ever, and lay ſo thick upon the ground, that Mr. McKie had to take a ſpade and ſhovel it away before the cottage door could be opened; for the ſnow had drifted during the night againſt the ſides of the walls to a depth of ſome two or three feet. They were forced to cut a regular path in it, ſo as to reach

the ſhed in which Snow was houſed. Here they found the poor little creature lying down in one corner, ſeemingly half-periſhed with cold; but he jumped up directly he ſaw Willie, and by the time he had trotted up and down the path for a few minutes he began to revive, and to friſk about as uſual. Meanwhile Willie piled the ſnow up into a great mound, and ſet to work in earneſt building his ſnow man.

But it was ſo bitterly cold out of doors, and the ſnow came down with ſuch ſteady perſiſtency, that in a ſhort time Willie gave up his amuſement, and both he and Maſter Snow were thankful to go inſide and warm themſelves before the kitchen fire. If rich people grumble at the diſcomforts produced by a hard winter, you can imagine what miſery the poor ſuffer in their little draughty, ill-made houſes, with their tiny fireplaces, and deficiency of food and fuel.

That forenoon Mrs. McKie, good woman, did her beſt to give her huſband and child a comfortable repaſt, and with this end in view, cooked her laſt little piece of remaining bacon for dinner, and alſo a few potatoes, ſaying diſmally that they were all ſhe had until ſhe could go into the town and buy more. And Willie noticed, although he knew how hungry his parents muſt have been, that they ate very ſparingly, and carefully put away the ſmalleſt ſcraps which remained in the cupboard. They both appeared ſo ſilent and depreſſed, that at laſt Willie's curioſity was fairly rouſed, and he aſked if anything freſh had taken place. Then his mother told

him that they had only got ſufficient food to laſt for one more day, even the oatmeal having run ſhort; and that, unleſs communication could be maintained with the town, they ſhould probably ſtarve.

Having only juſt finiſhed a tolerably hearty meal, Willie did not fully realize the gravity of the ſituation; nevertheleſs, as the afternoon wore drearily away, and he ſaw how anxious and concerned his parents were, and how many ſhort whiſpered conferences they held together, he grew frightened, and began to perceive ſomething very ſerious was the matter. Beſides which, he could not go out, and both he and Snow got tired of being indoors watching the ſoft flakes of ſnow falling fantaſtically one after the other to the ground. It was all very well at firſt, when the ſnow had worn the charm of novelty, but now Willie was quite weary of the ſight of it, and longed for the green graſs, and the brown heather ſtalks to reappear.

That evening he got a very tiny plateful of porridge for ſupper. It was ſo ſmall that after eating it he ſtill felt uncomfortably hungry; but, perceiving his mother's portion was even yet ſmaller, and being old enough and ſenſible enough to appreciate the true ſtate of affairs, he felt aſhamed to make any complaint, and ſo went ſorrowfully to bed, caring no longer about his ſnow man, but only wiſhing the weather would improve ſo that more food might be bought.

But alas! next day things were far worſe, for the ſnow had fallen ſo thickly in the night, the

windows of the cottage were quite choked up with it, and in ſpite of the clearance Willie and his father had made the day before, the front door ſtuck faſt and would not open. Willie, being the ſmalleſt of the party, had to creep out at the kitchen window, after Mr. McKie had ſucceeded in forcing it up; and then he fetched a ſpade, and began ſhovelling away for ever ſo long, until at laſt they were able to open the door. It really was dreadful outſide. The nice path, made but a few hours previouſly, was now all white and ſmooth, and it took them the beſt part of an hour before they could get to Snow's ſhed, againſt one end of which was piled their ſtock of peat.

Such miſerable work it was, too, that, what with the intenſe cold and inſufficiency of food, wherewith to keep up the vital warmth, Willie felt ſo ill and poorly, that towards the afternoon his mother put him to bed, thinking it was the only place where he could be ſnug. But, though ſhe ſpread her beſt Sunday tartan ſhawl, made of nice thick wool, all round and over the child, he ſtill ſhivered, and complained piteouſly of the cold. And, alas! the poor mother had no good roaſt meat, or baſin of nouriſhing ſoup to give the poor little fellow, one or other of which was all he really required to reſtore the animal heat of his body. For by this time Willie was deſperately hungry, and ſharp, gnawing pains began to make themſelves felt in his inſide, accompanied by an aching ſenſe of emptineſs. Mrs. McKie gave him the laſt bit of food ſhe had in the houſe, and then ſhe ſat down and wept bitterly.

Willie ſlept, off and on, throughout the night, now dozing for an hour or two, again waking up feveriſhly; ſo that, when morning broke, he ſeemed ſo light-headed and out of ſorts, his mother became terribly alarmed.

"Oh! Angus, Angus, my mon!" ſhe exclaimed, ſobbing as if her heart would break, "the bad time the meeniſter ſpoke of hae come, and we are forſaken by the Lord. But we canna let our dear wee Willie ſtarve before our vera een, and I will put on my bonnet and my ſhawl, and gae over the hull to the toon. Either I ſhall bring back food, or elſe periſh by the road."

Poor thing! Such a ſtep as the one ſhe propoſed was abſolutely impoſſible, but the ſight of her only child's ſufferings drove her almoſt mad. Nevertheleſs, Mr. McKie, though ſorely diſtreſſed, retained ſufficient preſence of mind to recognize that certain death awaited any perſon ventureſome enough to try to make his or her way over the country in its preſent ſtate.

"It will na do, laſs," he ſaid with a deciſion which carried weight. "Think ye, that had there been ony chance o' reaching the toon, I wad na hae gane lang ſin? Na, na, we maun jooſt bide where we are, and truſt in the Lord."

"But, Angus," cried Mrs. McKie, wringing her hands in deſpair, "it canna ſurely be God's will that our poor wee Willie ſhould die? He wull no be ſo unkind as to take our only child frae us! Oh, dear! oh, dear!" rocking herſelf to and fro in her miſery, "what ſhall I do, what ſhall I do?"

"I ken but one way o' ſtaving off the evil hour, laſs, one way that wad gie us all a bite o' ſomething to eat, of which we are ſair in want."

"For Heaven's ſake, Angus, ſpeak oot," ejaculated Mrs. McKie, with gliſtening eyes. "What is it?"

"Weel, then," returned Mr. McKie, ſpeaking under his breath, as if reluctant to give utterance to the thought that had taken poſſeſſion of his brain, "it is jooſt Snow. Better that we ſhould kill the lamb, rather than let our child die o' ſtarvation."

"True, Angus. But what wad Willie ſay? He wad never forgive us. He—who is ſo fond o' the purty creetur, and loves him like a brother or a ſiſter. Oh! we could na kill Snow, for if we did, Willie wad be beſide himſelf when he gets well and ſtrong again."

Mr. McKie looked at his wife with ſomething ſuſpiciouſly like a tear twinkling in his eye. "And hae ye never thocht," ſaid he gravely, "that the bairnie never will get weel and ſtrong again, unleſs we can procure him food o' ſome ſort? Dunna ye ken that one mair day ſic as this will do for the laddie ootright? Oh, my laſs! it's na guid our trying to deceive ourſelves. Willie is vera ill, but he will be worſe ſtill if we canna gie him ſomething to eat."

"Angus, it breaks my heart to hear ye ſay ſic awfu' things. Do what ye like, but I hae a preſentiment if we kill puir Snow, our bairn will never forgive us."

"Hoot, wife, ye are but a fooliſh woman,"

anſwered Mr. McKie, trying to appear indifferent. Then, moved almoſt to tears, in ſpite of himſelf, he bent forward, kiſſed Mrs. McKie on the forehead, and added in gentler tones, "Dunna ye faſh yerſelf; my laſſie, leave it to me."

She dried her eyes with her apron, and Angus McKie went out to the door, taking care to cloſe it after him.

By-and-by, while Willie was lying dozing in his little narrow bed, he ſuddenly heard the bleating of the lamb outſide. Its voice ſounded full of pain, but Willie recognized it as belonging to Snow. His mother was ſitting in the room with him, and ſhuddered as ſhe heard the noiſe.

"Mother," ſaid Willie in tremulous accents, for the laſt day or two had weakened him moſt ſadly, and he was no longer like the ſame child, "Mother, I hear Snow in the garden. It is too cold for him outſide, won't you go down and let him in? I ſhould like to ſee Snow."

"You are dreaming, Willie, darling," anſwered Mrs. McKie, though a ſhiver ran through her frame. "Snow is ſafe and ſound inſide his ſhed. He canna hae got oot all by himſelf."

Perhaps ſomething in the tone of his mother's voice rouſed Willie's ſuſpicions. Anyhow, he raiſed himſelf on one little elbow, and, looking her ſteadily in the face, ſaid,—

"But I heard him, mother, and I know it was Snow,—Snow waiting to ſee me—play with me."

"Weel, Willie, dearie, to pleaſe you I will go and find oot, though I ken right weel your ears hae deceived ye, and Snow is no in the garden."

Willie ſhook his head ſilently. He could not help thinking otherwiſe; but the exertion of ſpeaking had tired him out, and he lay back on the pillow feeling quite exhauſted. Mrs. McKie went down to the kitchen, and for a long time could not ſummon up courage to venture into the yard, in order to aſcertain what her huſband was about. She knew well enough that the cries Willie had heard were none other than thoſe of poor little Snow, who had probably ere now breathed his laſt. After awhile Mr. McKie came in, looking very diſcompoſed and pale.

"The thing is done," he ſaid in a hoarſe whiſper, "and you and the bairn maun eat a rare guid ſupper the night; but it was jooſt terrible work, and went to my heart to have to kill the puir thing. Twice I lifted my arm to ſtrike, and twice Snow looked up at me with ſic innocent eyes, I could na do the deed. It ſeemed weel nigh the ſame as murdering a human being."

With which words, Mr. McKie ſhyly produced poor Snow's body, diſfigured now by an ugly red gaſh acroſs the throat, and laid it furtively upon the table, as if he could not bear to look at his own handiwork. But now that it was all over, and there was no going back, Mrs. McKie took heart, and began buſtling about and

preparing the food thus obtained. Before long ſhe had coaxed the ſurly peat embers into a ruddy flame, and put the ſaucepan, which contained a piece of meat and ſome water, on to boil. Soon the contents began to hiſs and bubble, and ſent forth ſuch an appetiſing odour, that both the two poor hungry mortals, eagerly watching the progreſs of their ſupper, commenced to feel a trifle better ſpirited. And, by-and-by, when the ſoup was quite ready, Mrs. McKie poured ſome, while it was nice and hot, into a big cup for Willie, and carried it upſtairs in triumph before partaking of a drop herſelf. This ſoup was exactly what he wanted, and would ſoon make him all right again, ſhe thought. So ſhe entered the room almoſt cheerfully. Willie was toſſing about on his narrow bed, and his eyes ſhone with a ſtrange, half-unconſcious, but feveriſh light.

"Willie, darling," ſaid Mrs. McKie, going ſoftly up to him, "ſee what mother hae brought ye! Something oh! ſo nice. Sit up noo, like a dear guid bairnie, and let me feed you. Puir little lamb, ye muſt juſt be awfu' hungry," and ſhe coaxed a ſpoonful of the warm, refreſhing liquid down the child's throat. But the mention of that word "lamb" was unfortunate, for it ſeemed to rouſe Willie's dormant faculties, and endow them with preternatural ſharpneſs.

"Mother," he cried ſuddenly, "where's Snow? Why don't you let my dear little Snow come to ſee me?"

"Hoot, Willie, dearie," ſhe anſwered with a ſlight quaver in her voice, "never mind about Snow the noo. Take your nice ſoup firſt, and we will think o' Snow afterwards."

"And where did ye get this ſoup from, mother?" perſiſted Willie, with growing ſuſpicion. "You ſaid yeſterday there was no food left in the hooſe."

"Oh! Willie, laddie, what's the odds where it comes from, ſo lang as it is here? Come, come, dunna trouble your little head, but drink oop the ſoup, like a guid, ſenſible boy."

"Will ye bring Snow to me, if I do?" aſked Willie, fixing a pair of keen grey eyes on his mother's countenance.

Poor woman! She had played her part bravely, but ſhe herſelf was faint and weak from want of nouriſhment. Had ſhe been in her uſual ſtate of health, it is poſſible ſhe might have ſucceeded in parrying Willie's queſtions; as it was, her fortitude ſuddenly forſook her, and ſhe cried out,—

"I canna do thaat, my darling; Snow is dead."

After Mrs. McKie had involuntarily made this ſtatement, ſilence reigned in the room for a few ſeconds, then Willie laid himſelf back in his bed with an air of curious reſolution. "So," he ſaid in a low voice, "Snow is dead, is he? And he hae been killed to make this ſoup with? It was Snow I heard in the garden, Snow being killed. Oh, mother!" with a look of piteous reproach, "how could you let father do ſic a cruel thing? Was it becauſe I was ill in bed,

and not able to take care of him?" And the little fellow turned his face to the wall and began ſobbing with ſuch vehemence that his mother grew alarmed.

"Willie, Willie, my bairnie, my own dear bairnie, dunna take on ſo about it," cried Mrs. McKie, flinging herſelf down on her knees by the bed-ſide. "You ſhall hae a new lamb directly ye get well. Your father ſhall buy one as ſoon as the ſnow melts and he can go oot."

"A new lamb, indeed!" anſwered Willie ſorrowfully. "What would a new lamb be to me? Do you think he could ever ſeem the ſame as Snow? Na, na; Snow is dead, and I ſhall ſoon be dead too."

Willie was very young, but he had learnt already how impoſſible it is for the new always to replace the old, and how the affections of one's youth cling around the heart like ivy round a crumbling wall. Promiſes could not replace his loſt favourite, and not all the lambs in the world could ever be to him as Snow had been. Snow—the friend of his ſolitary days, his playmate and companion, and all but brother.

Willie knew he was very ill, and believed what he ſaid. He believed, ſince Snow was dead, that he too ſhould die ſhortly. Children are ſenſitive, ſtrange little beings, whoſe natures even thoſe who bring them into the world, often fail to fathom. Mr. McKie could not comprehend in full his boy's intenſe love for Snow, whilſt even Mrs. McKie only partly underſtood it. She had indeed trembled and proteſted when the lamb

was to be killed, becauſe ſhe feared ſomething would happen, but what that ſomething was, what ſhape or form it might take, had never entered into her calculations. But now the evil had become only too evident, and it was clear that Willie was dying; dying from cold and from hunger, while his love for Snow continued ſo great, he ſteadily refuſed to nouriſh himſelf at his expenſe, and appeared heart-broken at his death. Mrs. McKie tried perſuaſion, tempting, coaxing, even ſcolding, all without avail; the little fellow reſolutely declined to partake of the broth.

At laſt ſhe was forced to give up all attempts of inducing Willie to ſwallow it, and left the room in deſpair, in order to report her ill-ſucceſs to her huſband.

All that night the poor mother watched over the child's bed-ſide. Willie lay ſtill and never ſpoke, indeed he was now ſo weak, that already he was in a half-unconſcious condition, from which he could scarcely be rouſed. Towards morning, however, a change took place. He ſeemed to rally, and aſked both his parents to draw near. It had left off ſnowing at laſt, and, for the firſt time for days, the clouds began to aſſume a ſoft and warmer appearance. The ſun ſtruggled out and lit up the little room in which Willie was lying with its pure golden rays. They played about his face and made a ſort of halo round it. The poor father and mother bowed their heads in thankfulneſs, hoping the worſt was over, and thanked God a proſpect

of deliverance was at hand. For there was every ſign of a thaw ſetting in.

But, alas! for one of their number the change came too late. Willie had been quietly dozing for ſome time, but now on a ſudden his childiſh voice broke the ſtillneſs of the apartment.

"Father—mother," it ſaid, "I—am—going —from—ye. Going oop—there," ſtretching out his poor little waſted arms, and pointing to the ſky. "Snow—is calling for me—to go and play with him. Don't you hear him—bleating? Poor Snow?—he finds it dull—all alone—ſo he wants—me—to make haſte. Kiſs me—father—kiſs me, mother darling—and ſay guid-bye. Na —na—ye—muſt—no—cry. Willie has been ill—but noo he feels quite ſtrong again, and is going—to—play—with—Snow." His voice here dropped into a whiſper, while a ſmile broke over the little freckled face.

Preſently his lips moved again. "Yes," he faltered feebly," go—go—go—ing—to—play—with—Snow." He fell back on the pillow, and his breath came and went in irregular gaſps. Mr. and Mrs. McKie, with fear at their hearts, and tears in their eyes, remained quite ſilent. Inſtinct told them the end was approaching.

All at once the child ſtruggled up into a ſitting poſition. "Father—mother," he cried, with a ſtrange and beautiful light illumining every feature, "guid-bye; Snow, oh, Snow! I am coming." Then a ſhudder paſſed through his frame, and the next moment little Willie McKie had ceaſed to belong to this world. His ſpirit had ſoared

from its earthly priſon, and gone to rejoin the merciful Deity who ſaid, "Suffer little children to come unto Me."

When the ſnow had melted, which it quickly did, once the thaw ſet in, they took the dead child's body, and buried it in the little churchyard up among the mountains, girt round with red heather, and green, lichen-covered boulders. They put a wooden croſs, painted white, on which were inſcribed Willie's name and age, at the head of the ſmall grave, and planted daiſies and ſweet-ſmelling, homely flowers all round about. Year after year, two poor people may be ſeen praying near little Willie's grave. They are Mr. and Mrs. McKie, and though other children have been born to them in the interval, and they themſelves have proſpered, and are no longer ſo very poor, neither has ever forgotten their firſt-born, their fondly-loved little Willie. Often on a Sunday afternoon they viſit his grave, and ſtrew it with modeſt wild flowers. And Willie's baby brother and ſiſters, whom poor Willie never has, and never will ſee in this life, bring flowers alſo, and love and ſorrow over the dead child, whoſe ſad ſtory they know by heart; for the mother never wearies of talking to them about him, and theſe little ones think what a hero Willie muſt have been, what a brave and plucky fellow, and how true his affection for Snow! And Mrs. McKie thinks ſo too! For, although ſhe loves her other children very dearly, not one of them, in her heart of hearts, will ever fill the void cauſed by Willie's death, or occupy his place.

CURIOSITIES OF TECHNICAL EDUCATION.

By Mr. Arthur Kinsey.

It would certainly appear extraordinary to moſt minds unacquainted with the fact, that the ſenſe and meaning of ſpoken language may be received by one perſon from another, not alone through the ſenſe of hearing, but alſo through that of viſion.

Yet this faculty, which is termed "Lip-reading," undoubtedly exiſts, and is practiſed habitually on the Continent by a large claſs of individuals, as alſo in this country, but in a much more limited degree. Nor is this power of ſeeing and underſtanding ſpeech as it iſſues from the mouth any outcome of modern ſcience and reſearch; far from it, for we have a record, to which I ſhall preſently refer, of its having been practiſed more than a thouſand years ago.

Allied to this curious faculty, and equally wonderful upon firſt conſideration of it, is another, viz., the power and uſe of vocal ſpeech where ſuch power was ſuppoſed to be abſent; that is to ſay, a perſon known to be deaf from birth or infancy, and in conſequence dumb, or apparently ſo, is yet able to ſpeak *aloud*, therefore *not* dumb, and able to underſtand the ſpeech of others by watching the motions of their

mouths, and therefore figuratively *not deaf*, ſo far as ſpoken language is concerned.

This ſeemingly anomalous condition is the reſult of a moſt intereſting and technical educational proceſs, known as the "German," or "Pure Oral" ſyſtem of education for the deaf and dumb.

I am obliged, though very unwillingly, to uſe this latter word, in order that my readers may fully realize the fact that pupils taught by this ſyſtem, when they firſt come under its influence, are really what the world deſcribes as deaf and dumb, and that after a few years' inſtruction their muteneſs has altogether vaniſhed, and their deafneſs (though ſtill remaining) not even ſuſpected by the caſual obſerver, who may enter into converſation with them. It is not true, as ſo many writers have maintained, that dumbneſs is the natural and inevitable conſequence of deafneſs; that the two ſtates are abſolutely inſeparable, and that, therefore, all education muſt be baſed upon the aſſumption of their incapacity for uſing or underſtanding ſpoken language.

Deafneſs is an affection of the auditory apparatus, not of the organs of phonation or articulation, and prevents a child learning to talk in the uſual way, viz., by liſtening to and imitating ſpeech. No doubt the uſe of the organs of ſpeech is moſt eaſily and correctly learned by means of the ſenſe of hearing, but this is not the only way, as the ſenſes of ſight and touch may be, and indeed are, ſubſtituted.

It ſhould be thoroughly underſtood that "dumbneſs" (in the caſe of a healthy brain) is

cauſed not by deafneſs, but by the want of proper inſtruction.

I may ſay that there is no ſuch thing as organic dumbneſs, excepting in the caſes of injury to the lingual, facial, or laryngeal nerves. Paralyſis of the firſt two would deſtroy the formation of voice into ſyllables and words; whilſt paralyſis of the latter, controlling, as they do, the muſcular action of the vocal chords, and other parts of the larynx, would deſtroy the voice itſelf.

In ſuch a caſe we ſhould have real dumbneſs, or ſilence, ariſing from the incapable condition of all the organs neceſſary to ſpeech. But I think I may venture to ſay that ſuch a ſad condition is only to be found in mature age, after a ſevere paralytic ſeizure; rarely, if ever, in infancy or early years.

In the occaſional caſes of malformation of the articulating organs, ſuch as cleft palate, or conſtriction of the frenum of the tongue, we ſhould have defective articulation without doubt, but not incapacity for ſpeech.

Exciſion of the tongue itſelf would not cauſe abſolute loſs of ſpeech, much leſs dumbneſs.

We know then, that, though a child be born ſtone deaf, ſo long as the vocal apparatus and brain are complete, it poſſeſſes every requiſite for ſpeech except knowledge. Let us ſupply that, and this ſo-called dumbneſs diſappears.

We are in the habit of ſpeaking of a child being dumb from birth. This is quite incorrect: but, although it uſes voice in infancy, when

grown up to man's eſtate, dumbneſs is apparent. I will endeavour to ſhow the cauſe of this.

The deaf-born child, during the firſt twelve months, in its wants, emotions, and method of expreſſing them, is identical with the hearing child. They both uſe the ſame language, not one that ordinary perſons of the male ſex can underſtand, but, as a rule, apparently quite intelligible to mothers and nurſes; this is baby-language, the common property of all babies, deaf or hearing. Gradually, however, the latter modify this early language, and adopt the language of thoſe around them.

This, we know, is a ſlow and ſometimes troubleſome proceſs, but is generally fully accompliſhed by the fifth or ſixth year, and the child is then conſidered ripe for ſchool inſtruction.

During all this time the child has been learning to talk, and acquiring a vaſt ſtore of information upon innumerable ſubjects; whilſt, on the other hand, the deaf child at the ſame age has acquired no information, is ſtill only capable of baby-language, and its knowledge is limited to impreſſions which it tries to explain by geſture; finally, finding that baby-language is not encouraged in any but a baby, the deaf child ceaſes to uſe it conſtantly, and, having none other, too often ſinks into ſilence.

Such a condition is diſtinctly attributable to the want of knowledge of parents, who, in many caſes, diſliking the unintelligible noiſes made by their child, check them, inſtead of endeavouring to mould thoſe noiſes into ſyllables and words.

To ſhow that this is not an impoſſibility, I may mention that it is by no means an uncommon occurrence for a deaf-born child to be brought to ſchool in poſſeſſion of a few ſpoken words, as papa, mamma, baby.

A perſon who has ever had the ſorrowful experience of being connected with a deaf and dumb friend, one with whom he found it moſt difficult and tedious to communicate by the ſlow proceſs of writing, or poſſibly ſpelling on the fingers, would ſurely feel ſurpriſed, nay, even indignant, were he told that, but for ignorance and prejudice (I can, unfortunately, ſelect no other terms), ſuch an individual would have ſpoken as audibly as himſelf, and would, to all outward appearances, have heard, although ſtone deaf.

I purpoſe now very briefly to explain the methods at preſent employed in the education of deaf children.

The one which readily ſuggeſts itſelf to moſt people, viz., a ſyſtem of ſigns and finger-ſpelling, is technically known as the "French" method, becauſe ſyſtematized and adopted as the national method in France over 100 years ago. This ſyſtem, the one, I regret to ſay, generally uſed in this country, teaches a deaf child to become dumb; adds a far worſe affliction to the already exiſting one. It teaches the child to underſtand and communicate ideas by an arrangement of ſigns (unintelligible to all but experts, and often to them), to ſpell detached words on the fingers, and to uſe and recognize written

language; but this latter in a moſt imperfect manner.

A ſecond ſyſtem, alſo practiſed in this country, and known as the "Combined," is identical with the one juſt deſcribed, but, in addition, tries the intereſting but abſolutely worthleſs experiment of teaching apt pupils to ſpeak words and phraſes ſomewhat after the manner of a trained parrot.

This is a moſt miſchievous method, for many perſons, having ſeen it in operation, have been led to believe that it is the ſame as what is technically called the "German," or pure oral, which I am now advocating, and in behalf of which I would enliſt the heartieſt and moſt generous ſympathy.

This "German" ſyſtem, ſo termed becauſe eſtabliſhed and nationalized in Germany about the year 1770, conſiders a deaf child phyſically and mentally as capable of ſpoken language as a hearing one.

And why not? The brain being in a healthy condition, the organs of reſpiration, phonation, and articulation being perfectly normal, and the ſenſe of viſion unimpaired, there is nothing to prevent the teaching of audible ſpeech, except ignorance of a means of ſo doing.

In the caſe of ordinary beings, the ſenſe of hearing is trained to appreciate and underſtand the different *ſounds* of ſpeech. In the caſe of the deaf, the ſenſe of ſight is taught to recognize the varying *motions* made by the lips, mouth, and tongue in ſpeaking.

Thus, then, a knowledge of ſpoken language is conveyed by motion, and not ſound.

The pupil of the "German" ſyſtem grows up habituated to ſpoken language as a general means of communication with the world at large. His ſpeech is (when properly taught) intelligible and *audible* to thoſe with whom he converſes. The ſpeech of others is intelligible—though, of courſe, not audible—to him when he can *ſee* the ſpeaker's mouth, *not unleſs*.

This muſt be carefully borne in mind.

Hearing people can only hear ſpeech under certain conditions, and within certain diſtances. The deaf taught by the "German" method can only ſee ſpeech in the ſame way.

It would be impoſſible within the ſhort limits of a paper like this, in which ſo many points have to be touched upon, to give more than a brief deſcription of the details of inſtruction in articulate ſpeech.

We muſt remember that in ſpeaking, three diſtinct proceſſes are in action at the ſame time, viz., reſpiration, vocalization, and articulation. Ordinarily, we know that reſpiration is an involuntary movement, but it ceaſes to be ſo when we ſpeak; and conſiderable attention has to be given to the control and management of the air aſcending from the lungs, alſo to the readieſt manner of inflating them.

Articulation and vocalization are eſſentially the reſults of accurate obſervation and experience, and are, of courſe, dependent upon a healthy condition of the brain.

This will explain at once the dumbneſs of idiots, where no deafneſs exiſts.

In commencing the education of a deaf and dumb child, the firſt thing to be done is to gain his undivided attention, to accuſtom him to obedience and diſcipline, and to develop his powers of accurate obſervation and imitation. This is frequently a matter of ſome difficulty, as may well be imagined.

The next ſtep is to increaſe and regulate reſpiration, which is almoſt invariably defective, and uſually through the mouth inſtead of the noſe, that in itſelf being a ſource of future danger to the child, which is amply borne out by the fact that the deaf who grow up dumb are much ſhorter lived than members of the ſpeaking community.

When the pupil is able to reſpire freely, and in varying degrees of ſtrength and quantity, which is accompliſhed by means of ſimple exerciſes in puffing and blowing at light movable objects, and filling large indiarubber bladders, the next ſtage is to teach the child to place his tongue in certain poſitions, to open the jaws in different degrees, and to imitate with the lips the poſitions required for the labial vowels. Theſe exerciſes are practiſed without emiſſion of breath. When they are accompliſhed with eaſe and certainty, we proceed with the development of articulation. This is done in a very peculiar and highly intereſting manner, and I regret that ſpace will not allow me to do more than give you a few examples.

As an illuſtration, let me take the *f* of the alphabet, and the compound vowel ſound of *ou*

and *l*. Now, in teaching theſe, we ſhow the pupil for the production of the power of *f*, that the lower lip is in ſlight contact with the upper inciſor teeth, that the breath is emitted centrally and in a downward direction; this the child underſtands, firſt by watching the mouth, and next by feeling the breath directed on to the back of his hand, which is held for the purpoſe in a ſuitable poſition. This action produces the ſound, which any one can teſt for himſelf by pronouncing ſlowly the word *off*, and ſlightly prolonging the laſt letter. Now the vowel *ou* is compounded of two diſtinct vowels, viz., *ä* as in *father*, and *oo*, rapidly and ſhortly uttered; the poſitions required for theſe two vowels are very viſible and eaſy of imitation.

The ſound of *l* is ſhown in the following manner: The lips and teeth are juſt open; the fore part of the tongue is ſlightly curved upwards and placed in contact with the front part of the upper gum, and laterally with the upper bicuſpid teeth. The air is directed over the lax ſides of the tongue, and iſſues at the angles of the lips. This may be teſted by pronouncing the word *ill*.

In this power of *l* two vibrations are perceptible to the child, viz., one of the vocal chords, the other of the ſides of the tongue. He is made ſenſible of theſe vibrations, as in the caſe of all the vowels and vocal articulations, by placing the tip of his finger upon that part where ſuch vibrations may be felt externally on his teacher's throat or other organ of articulation.

Now, joining these motions together without breaking the continuity of the ſtream of breath, we produce the word *fowl*.

I have merely ſelected this word as containing in itſelf, though apparently to us ſo very ſimple, four entirely different and characteriſtic ſounds. Now, at the outset of teaching, after having developed the power of *f*, we write the ſymbol on the board, make the pupil repeat it from that, and then copy the letter for himself. Following this principle throughout the courſe, we find four branches of our education proceeding ſimultaneouſly, i.e. lip-reading, articulation, reading, and writing. When we have ſucceeded in obtaining all the fifty-ſix ſounds individually and in combination, we conſider the time has arrived to commence the teaching of language. This is confined at firſt to object teaching pure and ſimple, or the naming of things in the immediate vicinity of the child—taking firſt the parts of the head, body, and limbs, next articles of apparel, the furniture and appliances of the class-room. From this ſtage, when a conſiderable vocabulary has been attained, we proceed to the interrogative forms, what? where? and who? as in the following queſtions: What is that? Who is that? Where is the door? &c. Certain verbs are next taken and uſed imperatively, as, Come to me; go to the door, window, deſk; ſtand up; ſit down; give me the book. In each caſe, of courſe, the action muſt be ſhown to the pupil, and the child made to imitate it.

By means of the interrogatives what and who,

allied with the verb "to do" in its different tenſes, a great advance is made in the teaching of language. The teacher aſks, "What am I doing?" The child repeats the queſtion, writes it on the board, but the form being quite new, does not underſtand it. The inſtructor makes the pupil point to him, and repeat the correct anſwer, which is then written oppoſite the query. This is again and again repeated until learned by heart, and is applied to a variety of verbs.

So language grows from day to day, new forms being continually introduced, and new matter uſed, until the time arrives when, by means of the language acquired, ordinary ſubjects taught in ſchools for the hearing are attacked. For it muſt be borne in mind that before we can commence the teaching of religion, hiſtory, geography, arithmetic, and other branches of ſtudy, we have to give our pupils a language; that is our *ſpecial* taſk as inſtructors, and by far the moſt difficult; but I can aſſure you that time and individual capacity alone limit the amount of knowledge poſſible to be gained by a pupil taught by this proceſs; for I myſelf have known deaf-born perſons able to ſpeak three languages.

The queſtion of the future education of the deaf has within the laſt few years been attracting increaſed attention, and the preſs has taken ſomewhat more cognizance of the ſubject than hitherto, ſo that ſome of my readers may be in poſſeſſion of certain facts connected with what they may ſuppoſe to be a new ſyſtem of education;

a method whereby the deaf are taught to be almoſt like hearing perſons—for it is a fact that many of the ſo taught deaf have for a time in ſuſtained converſation eſcaped notice of their affliction.

Upon the point of novelty, I ſhould deſire to crave your indulgence whilſt I deal briefly with the hiſtoric aſpect of the ſubject.

In the "Hiſtorie of the Church of England," compiled by the Venerable Bede, A.D. 733, we find the following quaint account of the cure of a dumb man.

John, Biſhop of Hagulſtadt (now Hexham), in the then kingdom of Northumberland, had a ſolitary manſion, where he uſed at times to ſeclude himſelf for devotional purpoſes, eſpecially at the ſeaſon of Lent. On one ſuch occaſion, deſiring to have at the ſame time an object on which to exerciſe his charity, he cauſed to be brought to him this young man, whoſe caſe and cure are thus deſcribed:—

"There was in a towne not farre off, a younge man that was dumne, well knowen of the biſhopp (for he uſed to come before him oftentimes to receive his almes), who was never able to ſpeak ſo much as one worde."

* * * *

"This impotent lazar the biſhopp commanded to be brought thither, and a harbour to be made for him within the precinct of his houſe, where he might ordinarily every day receive his almes. And when one week of Lent was paſſed, the next Sunday he willed the poore man to come unto

him; when he was come, he bydd him put out his tounge and ſhow it unto him, and taking him by the chinne, made the ſigne of the holy croſſe uppon his tounge, and when he had ſo ſigned and bleſſed it, he commanded him to pluck it in againe and ſpeake, ſaying, 'Speake me one word, ſay gea, gea,' which in the Engliſh tounge is a word of affirmation and conſent in ſuch ſignification as yea, yea.[1]

"Incontinent the ſtringes of his tounge were looſed, and he ſaide that which he was commanded to ſay.

"The biſhopp added certain letters by names, and bid him ſay A; he ſaid A; ſay B; he ſaid B. And when he had ſaid and recited after the biſhopp the whole croſſe rewe, he put unto him ſillables and hole wordes to be pronounced. Unto which, when he anſwered in all points orderly, he commanded him to ſpeak longe ſentences, and ſo he did; and ceaſed not all that day and night following, ſo longe as he could hold up his head from ſleep (as they make report that were preſent), to ſpeake and declare his ſecrete thoughts and purpoſes, which before that day he could never utter to any man."

* * * *

It ſeems not improbable that here was an inſtance of ſucceſsful inſtruction of a deaf mute in articulation by a proceſs ſomewhat ſimilar to that

[1] It will be remembered that the original was in Latin, and that the Engliſhe "tounge" here means what we now call Anglo-Saxon.

now practiſed. The ſtory having received the ſhape in which we find it from the ſuperſtitious credulity of the age; the exaggeration extending alſo to the degree of ſucceſs (as regards time), as well as to the other more marvellous points of the ſtory.

This ſolitary inſtance of teaching was doubtleſs looked upon when it occurred, and for centuries, as a kind of miracle, but possibly it was no more ſuch than any caſe at the preſent day.

Unfortunately, no further teaching is related until about 800 years later, when a native of Grönigen, in Saxony, is related to have taught a deaf and dumb youth to read and write. In 1576, an Italian phyſician, Jerome Cardan, pointed out the feaſibility of educating the deaf and dumb. He ſaid, "Writing is aſſociated with ſpeech, and ſpeech with thought; but written characters and ideas may be connected together without the intervention of ſounds, as, for inſtance, in hieroglyphic characters."

Cardan, however, did not attempt to put his theories in practice, but they moſt probably influenced ſubſequent writers and teachers who made practical uſe of the moſt important maxim that knowledge might be conveyed independently of ſpoken language.

Upon this baſis the ſign language was conſtructed.

The next teacher known to hiſtory was a Benedictine monk at Ona, in Spain, named Pedro Ponce, who is related to have taught two brothers and a ſiſter of the Governor of Aragon

—they were deaf and dumb from birth. Ponce ſucceeded in making his pupils *ſpeak*, write, and reaſon very well. He died in 1584, and forty years afterwards, another Spaniſh monk, named Jean Pablo Bonet, taught ſucceſsfully, and publiſhed a work on his art.

From this period many learned men buſied themſelves in the great work of ſaving the deaf from their doom of ſilence and heathen darkneſs.

Amongſt others, in particular, may be mentioned a Jeſuit of Breſcia, Padre Lana-Terzi, who employed himſelf on the ſubject of giving language to the deaf, and teaching the blind to read and write. Towards the latter part of the ſeventeenth century, we find a group of earneſt workers in this field, viz., John Bulwer, an Engliſh phyſician, who publiſhed a work called "Philocophus: The Deafe and Dumbe Man's Friend;" Dr. Wallis, an Oxford profeſſor, and Dr. William Holder, a clergyman of the Church of England, both of whom taught ſucceſsfully, and publiſhed works; Dr. Holder's contribution being an eſſay upon the Elements of Speech.

George Dalgarno, a Scotchman, who believed himſelf to be actually firſt in the field, wrote a treatiſe upon the art of inſtructing the deaf and dumb, entitled "Didas Calocophus; or, The Deaf and Dumb Man's Tutor;" wherein he ſhows that a deaf man is as capable of underſtanding and expreſſing a language as a blind man, inaſmuch as that all information is conveyed to the mind through the bodily organs. This writer,

however, did not advocate teaching ſpoken language, though he admits the poſſibility.

In Holland we find a Swiſs phyſician, named Amman, inſtructing a girl deaf from birth; and during the progreſs of her education he publiſhed a moſt valuable work in Latin, entitled "Surdus Loquens," ſimilar in many reſpects to Holder's work on the "Mechaniſm of Speech." Alſo in Holland at this time a tract was publiſhed by Van Helmont, a chemiſt, upon a method of inſtruction, by which he had ſucceeded in teaching a deaf perſon to read well on the lips, i.e. to underſtand what is ſpoken, by watching the organs of articulation.

Van Helmont is ſaid to have taught his pupil the Hebrew language.

Quite a number of other perſons might be enumerated, did ſpace allow, who were engaged at various times in deſigning or carrying out methods of inſtruction, ſome baſed upon the principles of ſpoken language, others on a ſyſtem of ſigns; others, again, uſing both means to attain their ends. But I muſt haſten to bring to notice two men who devoted their lives to the work; who not merely confined their teaching to one, or at moſt to two or three pupils, but who founded inſtitutions, and ſyſtematized their reſpective, but unfortunately, different methods of inſtruction.

The one, a French Abbé, named De l'Epée, commenced his work about the year 1775, in Paris. His attention was attracted to the matter by being brought in contact with two young girls,

who did not anſwer certain queſtions that he put to them. When he diſcovered their condition, he decided at once to undertake their education.

"Believing," ſaid the noble-minded man, "that they would live and die in ignorance of true religion if I did not attempt ſome means of teaching them, I was moved with compaſſion for them, and requeſted their mother to ſend them daily to my houſe, that I might do whatever I found poſſible to do for them."

His ſchool, which he afterwards founded, attracted general attention, and received the patronage of the government. Other ſchools were modelled on it throughout France and other countries, and ſo the ſyſtem of ſigns elaborated by the moſt worthy Abbé was adopted in many lands, but to the great miſfortune of the ever unfortunate deaf; for, although we muſt admit their condition under the French method of inſtruction immeaſurably relieved, they ſtill remained ſilent—dumb, and cut off from the hearing and ſpeaking community.

Let us now turn our attention to what was being done in Germany about this time.

At Leipſic, in 1778, one Samuel Heinicke, who for years previouſly had been privately engaged in the work, founded a ſchool under the patronage of the Elector of Saxony, and eſtabliſhed in Germany, for good and all, a ſyſtem whereby dumbneſs ariſing from deafneſs was practically aboliſhed.

In Scotland, too, at this period, Thomas Braidwood commenced teaching deaf children on the

plan adopted by Dr. Wallis, already mentioned, viz., by the ſpoken word.

But, unhappily, the ſilent ſyſtem, as being more widely known through the energetic French Abbé, was ultimately adopted in the Engliſh ſchools as they were eſtabliſhed throughout the Kingdom. And ſo likewiſe did this happen in Canada and our other large colonies, and the United States.

Thus we have the ſorry ſpectacle in the preſent day of the Engliſh-ſpeaking races denying their deaf the bleſſings of human ſpeech, whilſt nearly every continental country (France even now included) have decreed that the deaf ſhall no longer be dumb.

It is to be hoped that when profeſſional men and all claſſes are made alive to the fact that the dumbneſs of moſt deaf perſons is produced—manufactured, I may ſay—by ignorance, prejudice, careleſſneſs, and irrational clinging to old forms—that they will uſe their fulleſt influence to effect the abolition of ſo groſs a ſcandal to a rich and highly civilized country.

In ſaying that the dumbneſs of the deaf is manufactured in this country, I am ſaying ſomething leſs than the mournful truth, for I was thinking at the moment only of the born deaf; but allow me to quote the following caſe, related by Dr. Caſſels, of Glaſgow.

He ſays in a pamphlet entitled, "On Teaching the Dumb to Speak," publiſhed in 1878 :—

"Several years ago, a fine, healthy-looking boy of about nine years of age was brought to me,

having loſt his hearing eight months before the date of his viſit. Examination ſhowed that he was totally and incurably deaf. In theſe circumſtances, it only remained for me to adviſe the parents of the boy as to the beſt mode of carrying out his education.

"As he could ſpeak fairly well even yet, although leſs perfectly than at the outſet of his malady, and withal being very intelligent, and well advanced in his education, I adviſed the parents to conduct his education at home, and in ſo doing to ſpare no pains to retain and to preſerve his ſpeech, a reſult quite attainable under ſuch circumſtances as this caſe preſented.

"After a lapſe of about three years I ſaw this caſe again. Inſtead of the lively and freſh-looking boy, with an intelligent expreſſion on his face, as on the firſt viſit, he now had that careworn and expreſſionleſs viſage ſo often ſeen among thoſe who are deaf and dumb. In fact, the altered appearance of the boy was ſo great as to render it difficult for me to identify him with the comparatively cheerful-looking lad whom I now recollected to have ſeen juſt three years previouſly; nor was this difficulty on my part leſſened on diſcovering that the boy now before me was quite *dumb*.

"On making inquiries into the hiſtory of the caſe during the interval of time that had elapſed between his viſits to me, I found that my inſtruction in regard to his education had not been followed by his parents, and that, inſtead of educating him at home, as they were enjoined to do,

they had ſent him for that purpoſe to a public inſtitution for the education of the deaf and dumb.

"The conſequence of that falſe ſtep I now ſaw in the perſon of the boy before me. The reſult of three years' educational training in the aſylum had been to convert the *deaf* boy into a *dumb* one."

The above ſad ſtory could be, I regret to ſay, multiplied many, many times; and what appears one of the worſt features of the caſe is, that the exponents and upholder's of the "Silent" ſyſtem apparently ſee no harm in their action, are blind to their wrong-doing. Have we yet quite freed ourſelves from the reproachful condition of a bygone, age? Do we, all of us, even in theſe days, quite underſtand the mental and phyſical ſtatus of the deaf and dumb? I fear the anſwer, ſad as it is, muſt be, *No*, not all, far from all; for were it otherwiſe, ſuch a condition of things could not exiſt. The fact is, the outſide world has ſo little knowledge of the deaf and dumb, ſo rarely comes in contact with them, ſo rarely ſees them, the prevailing idea being that the members of this unfortunate claſs are afflicted beyond hope of cure, and, from the nature of their affliction, cut off entirely from the reſt of the community.

Let this terribly falſe impreſſion be diſpelled once and for all. Let it be known unmiſtakably that dumbneſs as a conſequence of deafneſs ſhould not exiſt in the land.

Let it be ſtamped on the minds of men that even the deaf-born may eſtabliſh complete kindred with their hearing fellow-creatures by the common bond of human ſpeech.

Let all this be underſtood, and the knell will be ſounded that ſhall ſignal the death of a ſyſtem founded in error and maintained by prejudice.

I fear to trouble my readers with figures, but, in common juſtice to my ſubject, the welfare of the deaf, I muſt beg attention to what is uſually conſidered a very dry detail.

The numbering of the deaf and dumb firſt took place in the cenſus of 1851, and ſhowed 17,300 ſuch unfortunates in a population of 27,511,801, the proportion being 1 in 1590. The next cenſus ſhowed 20,311 deaf and dumb in a population of 29,321,288, thus giving 1 in 1432, a very noticeable increaſe in the affliction.

In the cenſus of 1871, 19,237 are returned as deaf and dumb, whilſt the population figures at 31,845,379, the proportion ſinking to 1 in 1644. The average proportion of the deaf and dumb to the hearing community throughout Europe is eſtimated at 1 in 1600.

But ſtatiſtics connected with theſe poor creatures are only approximate, and generally believed to be greatly under the mark, as ſo many parents evince great diſlike to returning their child as ſo afflicted.

It is feared that the recent cenſus will ſhow probably over 30,000 deaf and dumb for the United Kingdom. It is eſtimated that about 5000[2] of theſe are of a fitting ſchool age, and of this number about 2200 are in exiſting inſtitu-

[2] The number of deaf children of ſchool age is reckoned at ſixteen per cent. of the whole deaf population.

tions, being ſtrictly trained to the uſe of their hands and arms, inſtead of to uſe their voices. Some hundred or more are being educated in the "German," or pure oral, method; and the remaining 2700 are literally without any education whatever, growing up in ſilent wretchedneſs and heathen darkneſs, without knowledge of a preſent, without hope of a future.

And this is in England, at the preſent day, after all the centuries through which the Chriſtian doctrine has been preached, practiſed, and inſtilled into the minds of men. In England this happens, a land rich in all that a great nation can poſſeſs or deſire.

Naturally may it be aſked, "Why is this ſo? My anſwer muſt be, Becauſe private charity and philanthropy, however far-reaching they may be, fail to embrace all the ſuppliants of their mercy in their generous care. Though more funds be willingly given when the neceſſities of the caſe are known, more will be wanted, and yet more, and always more.

England occupies the unenviable poſition of being one of the very few countries in which the Government take no heed of their deaf and dumb (and other afflicted claſſes may alſo be included).

So long as private benevolence takes charge of them, or ſome of them, ſo long is the Government free of a troubleſome duty, and an inconvient demand on the national exchequer. If private benevolence happens to overlook, or fail to provide for ſome few thouſands, well, no

doubt, that is unfortunate; but they will ſurely, ſooner or later, receive the benefit of ſome other charity—a hoſpital, an aſylum for imbeciles, a workhouſe, and finally, a pauper's grave.

Doubtleſs, this is not a pleaſant way of putting things, but if the putting be not pleaſant, is not the *doing* moſt unjuſt?

Having brought this evil to notice—the evil of allowing thouſands of unfortunate creatures to ſuffer grievouſly under an unneceſſary affliction, it is only fitting that I ſhould indicate ſome kind of remedy. This I proceed to do.

In the firſt place will be required the general adoption of the German ſyſtem, and a neceſſary requirement of ſuch adoption will be an adequate ſupply of capable exponents of the method.

The want of teachers within the laſt few years has been the great drawback to the ſucceſs and ſpread of the movement for reſtoring the deaf and "dumb" to their proper poſition in the world. Although, in 1857, we received from Holland a teacher, his work was reſtricted to private tuition, and the public at large knew little, if anything, about it. Ten years later, a public ſchool was opened in London for the inſtruction of Jewiſh children,—this ſchool being under the ſpecial patronage of the late Baroneſs Rothſchild,—and the teaching conducted by a Jewiſh gentleman, alſo from Holland.

A few years later, when the movement was a little better known, through certain letters to

the preſs, occaſional public meetings and lectures—notably one delivered before the Society of Arts, January, 1872—an aſſociation was formed for the oral inſtruction of the deaf and "dumb," and a ſchool eſtabliſhed for the education of all claſſes and denominations of children thus afflicted. The head of the Jewiſh ſchool was appointed to the new eſtabliſhment; his former place being filled up by another Jewiſh inſtructor, obtained from an inſtitution at Vienna. A training college was announced as being an important feature of the aſſociation juſt referred to; but, from one cauſe or another, qualified teachers remained as ſcarce as before, down to the year 1878. This dearth of inſtructors was ſo marked, that the United States was applied to for teachers to impart Engliſh ſpeech to Engliſh children. In conſequence, another Society was formed, with the double object of diffuſing the German ſyſtem throughout the United Kingdom, and the ſyſtematic training of teachers.

A College, with a practiſing ſchool attached, was opened at Ealing in June, 1878. Great activity has been ſhown by this Society in all directions in advancing the movement for the better education of the deaf. A reference to the Appendix to this article will ſatiſfy the reader on this point. Profeſſional opinion on the Continent, the reſult of recent important international congreſſes, is practically unanimous in declaring the German ſyſtem the beſt for *all* deaf mutes, eſpecially the *poor* and the *weak of intellect*.

The great queſtion of the day, in reference to this form of inſtruction, is the training of teachers. In England, however, we are not ſo advanced. Very gradually, though ſurely, the German ſyſtem is advancing; oppoſition to it is growing more and more feeble, and muſt, in the courſe of another decade or ſo, ſuccumb altogether. Once let a new generation of the ſpeaking deaf in this country confront an older one of the deaf and dumb, and the ſtatement that has been made for and by the latter, that they prefer to be *dumb*, will be met by the ſtatement of the former, that they prefer to *ſpeak*. Which preference will be endorſed by the hearing public, I contentedly leave to the immediate deciſion of my readers.

A. R. . .

Vous à qui le public prodigue ſes ſuffrages
Et dont l'heureuſe plume a vaincu maint danger,
Vous m'invitez, madame, à graver ſur ces pages
Le frêle ſouvenir d'un burin étranger!
De vous, ce vœu flatteur n'eſt pas meſquine choſe
Et ma muſe en reſſent un légitime orgueil;
Mais devant la critique elle s'effraie et n'oſe
Se blottir dans un coin de ce charmant recueil.
Vous ſouriez pourtant et retrouvant courage
Elle ſe gliſſe et prend ſa place auprès de vous,
Peureuſe, mais riante, à l'abri de l'orage
Et ſe moquant déjà des quolibets jaloux!
Combien de noms fameux illuſtrent ce volume,
Témoin de vos égards pour le malheur humain!
Heureux de vous offrir leur génie et leur plume
Pour ſe joindre à votre œuvre et vous tendre la main,
Ils ont treſſé pour vous une noble guirlande
Où l'art a prodigué l'élite de ſes fleurs,
Et le ſuave parfum de cette douce offrande
Eſt un baume divin pour les muettes douleurs.
Un riche écrin plein d'or eſt le digne ſymbole
Du livre où brillera mainte célébrité,
Et ſi j'oſe, madame, y mettre mon obole,
Pardonnez en faveur de mon obſcurité!
C'eſt le denier du pauvre et la muſe anonyme
Cherche à ſe dérober ſous un voile diſcret;
Ne la trahiſſez pas, mais faites à ſa rime
Place dans votre cœur pour garder ſon ſecret!

THE INDIAN MAHATMAS.

By A. P. Sinnett, Esq.

Filtering by degrees through Engliſh ſociety, a feeling has now been widely ſpread about that the philoſophical ſyſtem which certain ſtudents of Theoſophy in India have recently brought to light, is worth ſerious attention. The whole ſubject is rather entangled, however. A vaſt theory of coſmogony has been put forward, and this embraces conceptions of Nature that are altogether ſtrange to modern habits of thought. Though it may ſeem to hang together fairly well, every one who takes it up for examination is puzzled to comprehend the nature of the ſanctions on which its exponents recommend it.

The ſyſtem embodies a plan of human evolution which is undeniably grand and coherent, but where can we apply a teſt to the ſtatement made? If we are to rule our lives, in any way, by reference to the view of things now preſented to us, we muſt have a very ſolid aſſurance that this view is obtained by abſolutely truſtworthy methods. Quite ſo, reply the Theoſophiſts; the Mahatmas have got into a condition of mind and body in which they are enabled to apply truſtworthy methods of obſervation to tranſcendental phenomena,—to take notice of the ſtate, for example, into which human ſouls paſs

after death. Their methods are ſaid to render their report as ſolid a contribution to knowledge, as the report given by an aſtronomer uſing appropriate apparatus about the phyſical appearance of the planets.

But who are the Mahatmas? and how can we credit them with faculties of which we perceive no glimmer in ordinary human intelligence? The Mahatmas, it is anſwered, are men who by abnormal exertions have developed the evolution of their ſpiritual ſoul in ſuch a way that its inner or higher ſenſes awaken and reveal the correſponding higher planes of Nature. But this is juſtifying the Mahatmas by their doctrine and their doctrine by the Mahatmas. It is reaſoning in a circle! Unhappily, it is impoſſible to underſtand the doctrine without the Mahatmas, or the Mahatmas without the doctrine; but the caſe is not ſo hopeleſs as it ſeems on that account.

In a piece of machinery now very familiar to engineers—the apparatus barbarouſly entitled a "dynamo," the electricity required from it cannot be developed till the magnetiſm of the armature is excited; and the magnetiſm of the armature can only be excited by the development of the electricity. It looks as if the machine ought to be a dead failure, and ought never to act. But ſet it going and it *does* act, becauſe in the mere brute metal of which it is made, as in everything elſe which touches the earth, there is *ſome* trace of magnetiſm, and the exiſtence of this provokes in the dynamo when ſet in motion ſome minute flow of electricity, which in its turn

rapidly augments the magnetiſm of the armature, and ſo in a few moments the whole apparatus is alive with its two wonderful forces acting and reacting on each other.

In the ſame way with our argument, we are none of us quite ſo ignorant of ſpiritual truths as in the pride of our phyſical intelligence we ſometimes fancy ourſelves. There are traces of the higher intuitions—of that knowledge which belongs to the omnipreſent ſpirit of which our own Ego is a part or a reflection—in all, at all events, but the moſt Bœotian of mankind and this will rapidly reſpond to the influences brought to bear upon it as the Eſoteric Doctrine is examined. It will be found that, though the natures or faculties of a fully developed Mahatma, or adept in occult ſcience, may be for the preſent beyond the reach of our teſts, nevertheleſs, ſome faculties, differing from his in degree only, and not in kind, are awakening here and there among the ordinary humanity of our own race, and bringing themſelves within the ſphere of our own obſervation. In this way portions even of the Eſoteric Doctrine itſelf become demonſtrable, and then the inference concerning the probably demonſtrable character of the reſt—aſſuming the adequate development in an obſerver of faculties qualified to take cognizance of the demonſtration—becomes rapidly ſtrengthened.

For the purpoſes of this explanation it will haſten matters if we aſſume the magnetiſm of the armature, ſo to ſpeak, to be already excited; and a comprehenſion of the adept's faculty of ſuper-

phyſical perception to be eſtabliſhed. We ſhall better be able later on to ſee why its eſtabliſhment may be reaſonable, when we have realized the Eſoteric theory of human evolution. This may be graſped fairly well without going into all the details of the vaſt proceſs. It embraces, rounds off, and completes the theory of phyſical evolution that the thinking world generally has ſubmitted to, though it is juſt as much more important than that phyſical theory, as the living human being with all his mental faculties in full operation, is more important than the lifeleſs clay he leaves eventually in the coffin. In the light of the Eſoteric Doctrine it ſeems ſtrange that any one can be content to diſcern the *forms* of animated creation ſlowly developing themſelves in an upward progreſs, and fitting themſelves for more and more highly developed conſciouſneſſes, without feeling the neceſſity of recognizing a parallel evolution for that which inhabits the forms. Of courſe, the pure materialiſt who treats mind merely as a function of matter eſcapes from the groteſque conception of early theologians that a ſoul which had no previous exiſtence is created as a full-fledged conſciouſneſs, *ex nihilo*, and bottled off in each human body in turn, to be thrown out again from the ſyſtem of evolution, once for all, into an illogical eternity of changeleſſneſs at the termination of the ridiculouſly brief exiſtence which a man leads on earth. But the materialiſt is at war with facts on all ſides, and it is only by ſhutting his eyes to theſe, by carefully guarding his ignorance, that he can preſerve his opinions.

The only rational hypotheſis in the matter ſuggeſts the evolution of ſoul as a proceſs going on in Nature *pari paſſu* with the evolution of body, and this is the exalted ſenſe in which the Eſoteric Doctrine recognizes tranſmigration.

We muſt remember that it is only in the rude popular caricatures of the doctrine that tranſmigration has been held to mean the incarnation of human ſouls in animal bodies after death. The Eſoteric Doctrine ſhows us the human ſoul as a continuous entity, ariſing out of the animal kingdom, and developing on and on and ever *upwards*. The one human life, which, owing to the limitations of human viſion at an early ſtage of its development, has hitherto ſo often been treated as a complete exiſtence, from which a final, unchangeable, ſpiritual reſult enſues, is ſeen by the more piercing eye of the occult adept to be to the whole, but as a day to the life itſelf. The whole cyclic proceſs, which conſtitutes the true life of the ſpiritual entity, includes an almoſt innumerable ſucceſſion of ſeparate entries into material nature, and exits therefrom. The infancy of the "monad," as the ſpiritual entity has generally been called in recent writings on the ſubject, may be held to paſs in the unconſcious union with matter, which it accompliſhes in the firſt inſtance at the bidding of the great coſmic attractions at work in the mineral and vegetable kingdoms. It does not awaken to anything that can truly be called conſciouſneſs at all, till its boyhood in the higher regions of the animal kingdom. It only attains ſelf-conſciouſneſs in its maturity as a

human being. But between the first attainment of that maturity and the highest achievements of enlightenment to which the cyclic process concerned may extend, there are gulfs of evolution to be spanned, the contemplation of which enables us to realize that the average man of the nineteenth century of this era is, after all, very well entitled to be ignorant of spiritual truths that he is yet barely old enough to understand.

The complete life cycle of the monad constitutes so vast an orbit, that the Esoteric Doctrine traces it through other planets besides this, with which the main body of our humanity is at present concerned. But, to grasp the principles of the doctrine, it is hardly necessary here to open the question of physical existence on other planets. It is a fact very helpful to the understanding in these matters that a certain uniformity pervades Nature throughout, so that minor cycles always have very close analogical resemblances to major cycles, and so on *ad infinitum*. Thus the simplest cycle we can observe, the revolutions of day and night, has many points of resemblance to the life cycle of man. The light emerges from darkness, and returns thither when its time is spent; the man emerges in the morning from the unconsciousness—or relative unconsciousness of sleep—and returns thither at night. In every cycle there is a period of bright activity, and a period of rest and obscurity; and from the point of view of each period of activity considered by itself, the period of rest and obscurity is also a passage through mystery. We

have got all round the myſtery of the night, and fully comprehend the continuity of conſciouſneſs from day to day, which is ſuſpended, without being deſtroyed, by the unconſciouſneſs of ſleep; but we have not yet, as far as the generality of us are concerned, got round the myſtery of birth and death, ſo as to be able to follow the continuity of conſciouſneſs through a ſucceſſion of lives. But the higher myſtery is really—ſo the Eſoteric Doctrine explains—identical in its nature with the lower. There is a paſſage through it and a return to phyſical activity, and a capacity in man for linking on the conſciouſneſs of one life with that of another, if only he is able to make the neceſſary efforts for developing this. This is one of the branches of the doctrine which has paſſed for thoſe who are initiated in occult proceſſes up to a certain point—from the region of ſpeculation into the region of knowledge.

But to what does it all tend? we may be aſked. Is the revolution of the cyclic wheel eternal, and the pain, or at beſt, the tranſient pleaſures, of phyſical life the *raiſon d'être* of exiſtence? By no means. The trials of phyſical exiſtence carry on the education, or the evolution of the monad, which is ſteadily advancing towards a condition in which its higher faculties will, by a natural proceſs of growth, attain the level at which the Mahatma, or adept, prematurely ſtands, and will then ſtill, of courſe, develope onwards toward reſults with which we need hardly trouble our ſpeculations at preſent. This is the way in which the doctrine itſelf, which was indicated

a while ago, furniſhes the clue to the comprehenſion of adeptſhip.

The Mahatma is not ſo much abnormal in his nature, as in advance of his time. He has contrived to compreſs within a very few lives, the evolution that would claim many hundreds, if it were not haſtened by extraordinary proceſſes. And the manner of the advance may the more readily be underſtood if we turn for a moment to the information—the partially verifiable information—that has been procured from the Mahatmas lately, for the ſervice of the current generation, by theoſophical ſtudents, concerning the inner conſtitution of man.

The whole proceſs which is repreſented by the evolution of man is commonly deſcribed by occultiſts as the deſcent of ſpirit into matter, and muſt be recognized as including the involution of ſpirit, as well as the evolution of matter. Spirit, in the true ſenſe of the term, muſt be recognized as omnipreſent and univerſal, but as animating matter it is individualized, and the full accompliſhment of this proceſs leads to the ſucceſſive eſtabliſhment of the ſpiritual conſcioufneſs in higher and higher "principles" or ſublimations of matter.

The great difficulty in the way of a comprehenſion of this doctrine, by people who will merely look at things on the phyſical plane, turns on the way in which, while ſo contemplating Nature, they are really ignoring all but a ſmall part thereof.

There are orders of matter perceptible to ſome

of the latent faculties of man, which are not of the kind that can be handled, ſmelt, or weighed. And a man may be dead, as far as his phyſical body is concerned—and that may be buried away and done with—and ſtill he may have a different kind of corporeality left to him, in which ſenſation of a correſponding order, and full conſcioufneſs, are ſtill poſſible for him. It is this ſimple, abſolute fact of Nature, verifiable for people who take ſufficient pains in the matter, that paves the way for a comprehenſion of that which really conſtitutes the evolution of man in the higher ſenſe, namely, the ſucceſſive eſtabliſhment of ſelf-conſcioufneſs in the higher principles.

Thinking men who are above the purblind level of the mere materialiſt, would be apt to ſay that their ſelf-conſcioufneſs is not in the body, but in the ſoul that inhabits it. The ſoul that inhabits it in ordinary caſes, however, is only a ſomething to be ſpoken of with reverence as a ſpiritual entity, by compariſon with the mere body. Moſt men, ſo far, have their conſcioufneſs eſtabliſhed only in that principle which is the loweſt of the higher group. And it will only be when the race as a whole has enormouſly advanced, that the conſcioufneſs of individuals will normally be found eſtabliſhed in the next principle, which has to do with the higher intellectuality, and not at all with objects of deſire.

Now, it is in the higher principle, above that again, that the conſcioufneſs muſt be fully eſta-

bliſhed before thoſe faculties are awakened, which will be the appanage of mankind generally, millions of years hence, but which the adepts have ſucceeded in unfolding already. Of courſe, no ſyſtem of language we may employ in trying, as it were, to materialize thoughts of this nature, muſt be allowed to tyrannize over the underſtanding. Another way of putting it would be to compare the evolution of man to the development of a ſeed, in which, in ſome myſterious way, the potentiality of ſubſequent ſhoots, ſtems, leaves, flowers, and fruit are lurking, and to treat the faculties of adeptſhip as the flower compared with the firſt ſtems and leaves of ordinary intelligence. But either way the eſſential idea of premature growth muſt be held to. The Mahatmas are already on a level of humanity immenſely higher than that of the crowd, and their "powers," of which a good deal has been ſaid from time to time, are ſimply the natural attributes of their pſychic development.

Having already grown to maturity, or penetrated with his conſciouſneſs (whichever way we like to put it) thoſe higher principles, the development of which is, ſo to ſpeak, his function in nature as a man, the adept is obviouſly, it will be ſeen, above the reach of thoſe affinities which bring about rebirth in the current race of humanity. We of the world at large are born again and again becauſe we have not got above the level of the ſympathies, attractions, and affinities which attach us to the ordinary earth-life. Grant that development, and, as a quite

reaſonable conſequence, the Mahatma muſt be free to remain in that higher ſpiritual life—into which we all make more or leſs extended excurſions during the interval between death and the next birth—until the bulk of humanity in its development ſhall overtake him. For the curtailment in ordinary caſes of ſuch freedom is not the decree of any arbitrary will, but a direct inevitable conſequence of the ſtate of any given individual's affinities, or *Karma*, at the time. We are all in this view of the matter creatures of our own creation. The acts of our life, the accumulated aſpirations, and the affinities engendered by conduct of all kinds, conſtitute the ſet of impulſes with which the monad at death is launched unto the enſuing period of ſpiritual exiſtence; and the characteriſtics of this, as well as of the reincarnation to which the monad's attractions draw it when the ſpiritual cycle correſponding to the one phyſical life is over, are determined from the outſet by the characteriſtics of the life that has juſt been ſpent. There is a beautiful ſcientific exactitude about the whole arrangement that recommends it with ſomething like irreſiſtible force to every underſtanding by which it is once thoroughly apprehended.

Slight as a ſketch of this kind muſt neceſſarily be, it will perhaps furniſh a clue by which the quick-witted reader will perceive the anſwer to a good many queſtions often aſked about the Theoſophical movement, but not yet touched upon in theſe pages. Why have the Mahatmas

not opened the ſtores of their knowledge before, ſince a correct comprehenſion of the laws that govern human progreſs muſt clearly be ſo very helpful to mankind in enabling people to put themſelves on the right path? The truth is, the Eſoteric Doctrine has been lying before the world time out of mind, but only now is the race getting ripe to underſtand it, and even now, the truth is, it is only a fraction per cent. of mankind that can poſſibly underſtand it. In various ways, at various periods in the hiſtory of the world, the Mahatmas have made juſt ſuch tentative efforts in the direction of opening out the ſtores of their knowledge to the public at large—as has recently been made by the foundation, under the auſpices of certain among their number, of the Theoſophical Society. Theſe efforts have been made ſometimes in one way, ſometimes in another, but they have not hitherto ſucceeded. It looks very much as if the preſent attempt were going to ſucceed, but that,—and the further development of the teaching ſo far conceded, in plain modern language, and free from the irritating riddles of ſymboliſm by the adepts,—depends entirely on the reception the ſyſtem receives from cultivated opinion. The Mahatmas will never bear down diſbelief in any of their doctrines by extraordinary demonſtration of the fact that they poſſeſs abnormal faculties, by means of which they and their predeceſſors have elaborated it. They do not want to make converts; they are ſimply ſtanding by ready to ſerve out the Nature ſcience they poſſeſs to man-

kind as ſoon as the race is ready for it. If we are not ready for it now, we ſhall be perhaps a few thouſand years hence. Mahatmas are very patient, and can afford to be. Here and there, it is true, in the courſe of their conduct of the preſent Theoſophical experiment, they have had occaſion to offer ſome examples of the unuſual control over forces of Nature not yet underſtood by the world at large, which they enjoy. But they do not make the life ſacrifices involved in the ſtruggle for adeptſhip in order to acquire power of manipulating natural forces in ſurpriſing ways; theſe powers accrue to them incidentally as they advance in pſychic perfection, as the conſciouſneſs penetrates the higher principles, as the flower of a more perfect manhood unfolds itſelf. And in the ſame way the purpoſe of the Theoſophical movement is not to perſuade people that there are men living who poſſeſs the powers the Mahatmas wield. The purpoſe of that movement is to develop the ſpirituality of the race; to open at the earlieſt poſſible moment in the cyclic proceſs the gates that lead onward to the higher life, gates through which every one muſt paſs ſooner or later if his career through the ſpheres is not to prove a failure and to bend down into nothingneſs, but which will at leaſt remain open a long time, happily, ſo that perſons who do not catch ſight of them at once, nor appreciate the viſta beyond, may die and be born again many times yet in the congenial ſphere to which they cling, and yet have opportunities of learning better, later on.

Juſt the ſame conſideration applies even more fortunately to the pure-hearted repreſentatives of any ſpiritually tending faith, no matter how ill-adapted it may be to meet the higher neceſſities of a more enlightened generation. But meanwhile, for thoſe who are moſt prompt to realize how the ſcheme to which they belong is organized, the gates *are* open now, and there are coſmic advantages connected with being rather in the front than otherwiſe, in the proceſſion paſſing through, in regard to which any readers of theſe pages who are intereſted in the matter may be referred to ſuch literature on the ſubject as the Theoſophical movement has already brought forth.

TO THE LATE COUNTESS OF MARCH.

With a Portrait.

By H. Cholmondeley-Pennell.

Oh, coûld the artiſt's ſkill
Have match'd the artiſt's will,
And could the pencil's grace
Have match'd the ſubject's face,
Tho' match'd in all 'twere match'd in vain—
A matchleſs face 'twould ſtill remain.

THE SECRET OF THE CHÂTEAU DE LONGPRÉ.

By Mary C. Rowsell,

Author of "Love Loyal," &c.

That the Château de Longpré had a ſecret was a fact beyond all manner of doubt; that the ſecret had remained intact and unfathomed by all the curious ones who would have given a twelvemonth of their valuable lives to diſcover it, was equally certain. As far back as 300 years, when the foundations of the huge fortified manſion had been built upon the lofty rock, hanging ſheer over the waters of the Seine where it widens out to ſea, there had been whiſpers of ſome vaſt myſtery in connection with the houſe of Longpré. The moſt aſtounding part of the matter was that the ſecret, ſo it was averred, was permitted to be known only by two members of the family at a time, theſe two being women, and to crown the whole, it was certain that the ſecret had been religiouſly kept.

A fearſome prophecy hung over the Longprés, that the day on which the ſecret ſhould be revealed would ſee the Château paſs into the hands of ſtrangers, and dire peril threatening the exiſting members of that ancient race. Nevertheleſs, weighted as they were with their unſpeakable burden, the ladies of the family had

always contrived to wear a cheerful countenance, to ſay nothing of the ſurpaſſing beauty by which they were diſtinguiſhed.

Counteſs Iſabeau de Longpré, the only repreſentative of the female line towards the cloſe of the laſt century, bore, perhaps, the palm even from all her predeceſſors. Young as ſhe was when her mother died—ſeventeen or thereabouts—the weight of the myſtery had to be borne by her alone.

Count Raoul de Longpré, Iſabeau's brother, ſome ſeven or eight years her ſenior, was an officer in the King's Guards, and neceſſarily a good deal abſent from home. Her uncle, an elderly man in prieſt's orders, known generally as Père Michel, came at ſuch times from his little home in Longpré village to bear her company in the Château, and the time paſſed congenially enough with them in attending to their poor, and in finding diſtraction for their leiſure, Père Michel in the Château library, and Iſabeau at her embroidery frame.

The Château was a rambling old building begun in Henri Quatre's time, and added to at a variety of dates. Its moſt ancient part looked ſeawards, a pile of embattled walls and buttreſſes crowned by pointed tourelles which could be ſeen from the Channel; and fiſhermen, plying their perilous craft on ſtormy nights, would pray gratefully for the ſoul of that good Count de Longpré who had left a ſum for the perpetuity of the beacon light which was always kindled on its topmoſt pinnacle when the ſun went down.

In this oldeſt part of the château, which from time beyond memory had always been conſecrated to the ladies of the family, was a hanging tourelle, round exteriorly, though within, it was octagon ſhaped, whoſe walls were of fabulous thickneſs. It contained one chamber only, the part below being occupied by a vault-like ſpace, into which was ſunken a ſmall aperture giving direct upon the river. The ground part of the château, generally, was occupied by the guard-room, the banqueting-hall, chapel, and a few ſmall unuſed rooms, and from this floor went communication with the vaults, oubliettes, and cellars for ſtorage.

The apartment in the turret and ſome leading from it through the château's left wing were then Iſabeau's own domain. Beſides the magnificent ſea and land view to be obtained from the mullioned caſements, the interior of that tourelle chamber was a marvel of quaintneſs and beauty. Some long dead and gone Longpré had made it his pleaſure to have the room lined from floor to ceiling with carved ivory panels ſet in a framework of oak, now black with age. The door of this apartment, which formed also one ſide of its octagon, being closed, there was a momentary difficulty in finding it again, by reaſon of its exact uniformity with the reſt of the panelling; but it was, as a nearer inſpection would quickly ſhow, diſtinguiſhable by its ſmall but maſſive lock of fine wrought braſs-work, which was ſurmounted by a locks of impoſing-looking ſtoutneſs, and that lock once made faſt, it was hard to conceive of anything being more ſecure.

The terrible days, however, of the Reign of Terror were threatening faſt. Scarcely had the news of the Baſtille's deſtruction reached Iſabeau in her ſecluſion, when it was followed by that of the flight and incarceration of the royal family in the Temple; then of the total deſtruction of the royal troops, and the flight for dear life of every one ſuſpected of royaliſt leanings. Of her brother and of him who was his inſeparable comrade and her betrothed husband, Louis, she and Père Michel could hear nothing; until at laſt, ſoon after the breaking-out of the counter-revolution of La Vendée, news ſecretly obtained for them by ſome devoted friends was brought to Isabeau, that they were in hiding in a wood only a few miles from Longpré, and liable to be taken at any moment. The very next knowledge ſhe had of the two perſecuted men was their ſudden burſting into the turret chamber where ſhe ſat unable to read or employ herſelf in any way, for thinking what had become of them. Père Michel was on his rounds of charity in the village, and ſhe was alone. Under cover of the faſt-clearing November miſts the two had made for the refuge of the old home.

"The bloodhounds are upon us!" cried De Longpré.

"Fly, then Henri! Fly, Louis!" ſhe cried, looking diſtractedly round, and not in truth knowing what ſhe ſaid.

"Dear child, that is eaſy talking; but whither?"

"Into the dungeons."

"And the very firſt place the wretches will make for. Hark!"

"Out to ſea!" cried Iſabeau. "Away to England."

"Nothing better; but in daylight they would at once ſee us, and fire without ceremony. If it were dark now—"

"The ſecret panel behind the chapel altar."

"Right; come, St. Yon, 'tis our laſt chance."

But it was not accorded them. One deafening peal at the outer gates, and then, not waiting for it to be anſwered, the furious rabble burſt in with hideous yell and clamour, flouriſhing ſabre, axe, and bayonet, and trampling down the reſiſtance—neceſſarily, of the weakeſt—from the unprepared inmates.

"Hark! Yes, they are upon us!" cried De Longpré.

"What is to be done?" ejaculated Iſabeau, looking round, pale with terror. "Louis!" for her lover had dropped in a dead faint at her feet, overcome with hunger and exhauſtion. "Henri, what is to be done?"

"Nothing," bitterly anſwered the young man, as Iſabeau threw herſelf on her knees beſide her lover, and laid his head on her boſom. "Nothing, but to yield, like the hunted foxes we are."

"In the name of Liberty, Equality, and Fraternity," ſhouted a chorus of the gentle brotherhood outſide, and the door would have been battered in, had not De Longpré himſelf opened it.

"You are our priſoners," ſaid the leader of the bare-armed, red-ſhirted mob, addreſſing De Longpré.

"On what ground?" haughtily demanded he.

"As enemies to the Republic one and indiviſible, you muſt accompany us."

"Whither?"

"To Rouen."

"But, gentlemen—men," cried Iſabeau, pointing to the unconſcious man, "have you no heart, no compaſſion?"

They appeared little encumbered by anything of the kind, judging by the outbreak of unuſual mirth which enſued, but which ſank, however, rapidily down into a diſmal moan, as if the duſt and blood ſtained ſans-culottes might be human after all in the matter of their own individual diſcomfort; and then more than one of them ſank, pale and ſpent, on to the floor, or upon the dainty ſilken couches, as the caſe might be.

"Fools! milkſops!" ſnarled their leader. Nevertheleſs, Nature proved herſelf ſtronger than even the arms of the Republic. This hue and cry after the ariſtocrats had laſted for three days unceaſingly. Some of the purſuers, as they ran, had fallen by the wayſide; theſe now had ſuccumbed, as it were, under the re-action of the moment, and, incluſive of the leader himſelf, not one had taſted food that day.

"Take breathing-time," ſaid De Longpré, gazing on the famiſhed wretches, "for your own ſakes. You, whoſe health is ſo precious to

France, ſpare yourſelves a little, and let the guillotine wait. She won't ſtarve till to-morrow morning, I'll dare ſwear." And he bade ſome of the ſervants preſſing on the heels of the rabble to ſet meat and drink in the Hall below.

The fugleman of the company, whoſe own complexion preſented an intereſting combination of the National colours in his noſe, cheeks, and lips, was not proof againſt the temptation to ſatiſfy the inner man. He heſitated, and was loſt; explaining that he accepted the propoſition on the part of his faithful followers.

"Quite ſo," ſaid De Longpré.

"For their ſakes," he added impreſſively.

"Exactly. But you'll find more accommodation downſtairs. Here, there is not room to ſwing a cat, and the Hall opens into the wine-cellars. Quick with you."

"And leave you here? Ha, ha! an excellent joke."

"Why not?" demanded De Longpré.

"Becauſe we don't trap our birds to let 'em eſcape. Hein! not exactly."

"Flight would be rather difficult," replied De Longpré, leading the fellow to the window, and pointing down to the ruſhing river far below. "Beſides," and he looked at Louis who was ſlowly coming to under Iſabeau's miniſtrations.

"Ay, ay, 'tis all very well. But there's a door," ſaid the ringleader whom the Republic had baptized Pompilius.

Iſabeau ſtarted with ſuch animation that Pom-

pilius turned and ſtared at her. "You ſpoke?" he ſaid.

"Oh, no," replied Iſabeau.

"The door can be guarded," ſaid De Longpré with the weary nonchalance of a man who has yielded his laſt chance, and welcomes the proſpect of death. "Place us where you pleaſe, but in the old times when the nobility had their turn at this ſort of thing, this turret was held to be the ſtrongeſt part of the Château."

"That's quite true what he ſays, Citizen Pompilius," put in a ſans-culotte born and bred on the eſtate. "I've heard it for a fact many a time. Its walls are three feet thick, and every inch ſtone. And the doors there are double ones. Look for yourſelf."

Pompilius did as he was recommended; then he prodded the panelled walls with his ſabre.

"What about there?" he aſked. "Riddled with ſliding panels. Hein?"

"Not to my knowledge," aſſeverated De Longpré.

"Ho! not to your knowledge! Well. Be it ſo. As well here, perhaps, as anywhere elſe. But we'll have the pretty ariſtocrat with us, by your leave," and Pompilius took her by the arm, and puſhed her out before him. "We'll leave the taſk of getting him back the reſt of his ſenſes to you. The young woman can ſhow us the neareſt way to the wine-cellar. Come along, Citizeneſs."

"Harm her at your peril."

Pompilius laughed. "She ſhall be treated

like a ſuckling. It is the drink we want. Supposing you ſay good-bye now, Citizeneſs," he went on, addreſſing Iſabeau; "in caſe you ſhouldn't meet again. Come, be quick, I can't wait all night."

"Henri," ſhe cried, caſting herſelf on her brother's breaſt.

"Farewell, my ſiſter," ſaid De Longpré, taking her in his arms and kiſſing her fondly.

"Only for a little—little while," ſhe ſaid, under her breath.

"Yes, ma ſœur. Let me truſt as you do, that there is a better world."

"Au revoir, then," ſhe ſaid, preſſing his hand. He turned from her, overcome with the bitterneſs of his feelings, while ſhe approached her lover.

"Come, Citizeneſs; no whiſperings," growled Pompilius. But ſhe had whiſpered, and the word was, "courage!"

"For ever—in life or death, Iſabeau," he cried after her, as ſhe followed the retiring mob.

Leaving a couple of his ragged troop, armed each with ſabre and bayonet, inſide the chamber, and four more outſide the outer door, Pompilius, with a ſage alluſion to the "ſafe bind, ſafe find" axiom, ſhuts the inner door with a bang behind him, and double locks it.

"Now, Citizeneſs, the cellar keys. Which way? Quick. I could drink up the yellow old Seine yonder." She pointed downwards to a narrow ſtaircaſe. "After you, then." And they deſcended.

Such Tokay and Burgundy as thoſe Longpré cellars held were not to be rivalled in all France, and Citizen Pompilius, who made a point of never going anywhere without his little pocket-tumbler, teſted the quality of every bottle as Iſabeau unearthed it. It took a conſiderable quantity of liquid to make headway with Pompilius, but he forgot to take his faſting condition into account, and the potent wine made his head ſo dizzy that ſomehow—he never could tell how—his foot ſlipped on the dank floor of the cellar, and he ſtumbled prone over the lantern he had ſet down, and the next moment he lay at length in outermoſt darkneſs.

* * * * *

It is dark alſo aboveſtairs now. The ſhort November day has cloſed in, and the young moon grows dim. Like their ſuperior, the two exhauſted guards lie ſtretched as logs upon the floor of the turret-chamber. Their duty being ſuch a mere ſinecure, they have little compunction on that ſcore, and beſides never were duller dogs than theſe two priſoners wrapped in the deſpair of their thoughts. So that when the great tower belfry clangs out eight not a ſound beſides is to be heard, but the laſhing of the waves againſt the tower's baſe. The two priſoners, unable to ſwallow more than a few mouthfuls, have been ſeated motionleſs as ſtatues in the gathering darkneſs. It is Louis St. Yon who firſt becomes conſcious of ſome new ſilent preſence in the chamber, and he ſprings to his

feet. "Iſabeau!" or is it her wraith looming there in the moonlight ſhadow?

"Isabeau!" echoes De Longpré, claſping his hands acroſs his eyes; but they do not deceive him.

Her eyes on the ſleeping guard, her finger on her lips to enforce ſilence, ſhe beckons them with her other hand to the ſpot where ſhe is ſtanding. "Come, there is nothing to fear," ſhe whiſpers.

"But—?"

"Come!" and then, her hand, reaching behind her to the door gleaming ſnow-white in the paling moon-rays, touches one of the ivory boſſes on the hinge side oppoſite the lock. Smoothly and noiſeleſſly it falls open, and the two men, ſtepping into the ſpace beyond, ſee before them a narrow ſtaircaſe. The door rolls back into its grooves, and they deſcend to hear friendly voices.

"Heaven be praiſed, you are ſaved!" and a ſtream of yellow lantern light guides them to the ſtairs' foot.

"Is all ready?" aſks the truſty voice.

"All is ready."

The door by the water ſtands open, the ladder of ropes is held by ſteady hands; two minutes more, and they three are gliding ſwiftly along under the ſhadow of the rocks, away into the open ſea, ſafe from purſuit. A few hours, and ere the ſleeping laggards at Longpré are well awake, the feet of the fugitives touch Engliſh ſoil, and they are ſafe.

The prophecy fulfilled itſelf. That ſame day the ſans-culottes burned the Château to the ground. Maddened with the loſs of their prey, myſtified and not a little terrified indeed, they turned upon each other with accuſations and ſuſpicions. Their very fury fruſtrated their endeavours to diſcover the means of eſcape, and the turret with its ſecret was levelled with the ground. After all, it was the verieſt trifle of a ſecret—next to nothing, when you knew the trick of it. A curious piece of mechaniſm by which the door, faſtened into grooves on the one ſide, would open on the other, and ſo *vice verſâ*, the lock, impoſing as it was, being mere empty ſhow. In happier times, and they came to all three, Madame St. Yon, when aſked to tell the *raison d'être* of the double opening, declared herſelf unable to explain, unleſs it had been to try how long a woman had the power of keeping a ſecret.

THE PAST AND PRESENT CONDITION OF THE EDUCATION OF THE DEAF.

By David Buxton, Ph.D., F.R.S.L.,

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Sir Arthur Helps has told us that "The moſt likely way of attracting men's attention to hiſtorical ſubjects will be by preſenting them with ſmall portions of hiſtory, of great intereſt, thoroughly examined." (Friends in Council, i. 206.) The courſe here ſuggeſted—the thorough examination of "ſmall" ſections of a great field which, though "ſmall," are "of great intereſt," is that which it is propoſed to follow by thoſe who have to write the profeſſional articles in connection with the preſent work.

As in the illimitable field of general hiſtory, ſo it is in the ſmaller area brought before us when the mind is directed to the conſideration of the welfare of the Deaf—ſo commonly and ſo miſleadingly called the "Deaf and *Dumb*."

This limited hiſtory poſſeſſes the characteriſtic marks of general hiſtory. It has had its turning-points, its epochs, its periods of decadence, its revivals, its ſcribes and its prophets, its examples of men, wiſer than their age, bearing

a teſtimony which the world was not yet ready to receive. Here, as in ſo many other caſes, were "voices crying in the wilderneſs" to thoſe to whom there had not as yet been given "ears to hear." Sometimes it was the ſolitary *Teacher* who bore this teſtimony. Brought face to face with a difficulty to be conquered and a work to be done, he entered upon a taſk which was new, in which, therefore, he could have no guide, and muſt depend ſolely upon himſelf. To ſay what muſt be ſaid—and in ſuch a caſe it is the higheſt praiſe—he groped his way through darkneſs to the light of what, at leaſt, was Dawn if not the Day. Few knew him, fewer ſtill underſtood him. That he lived and worked and died, might be the epitaph of many a loving worker in this field. Sometimes, however, it was not the teacher himſelf, but the contemporary *Writer* who bore this teſtimony—the man of living fame in literature, who made and left behind him the record which has come down to us, telling of labour undertaken, diſcovery made, ſucceſs achieved, benefit beſtowed. This, being brought to his knowledge and recorded by his pen, has lived in his pages when it muſt otherwiſe have periſhed.

It is remarkable, too, that obſervations thus made, by men of former generations, are marked by much acuteneſs of perception, and record meaſures of attainment which were ſubſequently loſt, leaving them to be re-diſcovered and their practicability re-aſſerted in our own times, and even to be maintained in the face of oppoſition and denial, as if they were perfectly new.

It will not be for a moment denied that a ſubject which has found contemporaneous record or alluſion in the writings of ſuch men as Sir Kenelm Digby, Biſhop Burnet, Daniel de Foe, Dr. Samuel Johnſon, Sir Walter Scott, and Charles Lamb, occupies a poſition before Engliſhmen which is, on that account alone, entitled to a hearing. Some of theſe authors mention facts, and deſcribe them accurately, which have come upon later times as a diſcovery, and which, in ſpite of evidence and experience, ſome perſons queſtion, even now.

The contention of thoſe who wiſh to do the beſt for the Deaf is that the beſt which is poſſible ſhould be done—that the Deaf ſo long left Dumb ſhould be enabled to ſpeak,—not left to make ſigns to each other, like companions in impriſonment, but ſhould talk as the world around them talks, and be in this reſpect like other men, for ſpeech, we contend, ſhould be as common to the Deaf as to the Hearing.

It was to diffuſe the ſyſtem of giving ſpeech to the Dumb that the Society was founded which it is hoped to benefit by the preſent effort in its behalf. The earlier hiſtory of the ſubject having been given elſewhere, my preſent purpoſe is to tell how great is the progreſs which has been made in this direction within recent years.

Our retroſpect will take us back a little more than thirty years. In 1857, a gentleman living in Mancheſter required a teacher for his deaf daughter. He had ſeen, in ſchools abroad, what the "German" ſyſtem did for deaf

children in Germany and Holland, and he wiſhed his own child to have the ſame advantages. But this country could not provide him with a teacher, and he was compelled to bring one over from Holland. Before long, other parents, Engliſh and American, felt the ſame wiſh; but ſtill there were no means of meeting it. Teachers were wanted, and there were none obtainable. The only courſes open were either to get a foreign teacher to come to England to teach Engliſh-born children a language which was foreign to himſelf, or to ſend the children abroad to learn ſpeech through the medium of a language foreign to their families. In the extremity of the need, and in the determination to ſecure ſpeech for their children by any poſſible means—in a foreign language rather than not at all—both theſe courſes found adoption.

Again, when in 1867, ten years after Mr. Van Aſch had arrived in Mancheſter from Rotterdam, and when the ſyſtem had become ſo far known that a public effort was initiated by the late Baroneſs Meyer de Rothſchild and her family and friends, it was ſtill found neceſſary to go to Rotterdam for a teacher, and Mr. Van Praagh was appointed the firſt head-maſter of the Jews' Deaf and Dumb Home, in London.

In 1872, the ſingle ſociety became two. Mr. Van Praagh became director of the ſchool in Fitzroy Square, and a new principal was required for the Home. The ſame courſe of going abroad for a teacher was again, of neceſſity, adopted. Mr. Schöntheil was appointed to his

preſent office, and came to England from the ſchool at Vienna.

The demand for teachers continued and grew. Engliſh teachers were wanted for Engliſh children, but none could be obtained. That this demand can now, to ſome extent, be anſwered is due to the labours, the energy, and the devotion of one man—hiſtory once more repeating itſelf: humanity owing the benefit of the many to the work of one—the ſtarting-point of whoſe ſucceſſful efforts is the date juſt given, 1872.

Moved by a large-hearted ſympathy—which was firſt awakened by the love which he felt for his own only child, who had loſt hearing in very early infancy—an Engliſh gentleman, with his wife, began and continued for two years, a moſt painſtaking inveſtigation into the methods and practice of educating the Deaf, in moſt of the leading ſchools in Great Britain, Canada, the United States, Belgium, Holland, Germany, Auſtria, Switzerland, and France.

They decided, without heſitation, that the "German" ſyſtem was the beſt for all deaf children. But how was it to be applied? They determined that their own deaf daughter ſhould certainly be educated on this ſyſtem. But where was the teacher? They were obliged (not ſtanding alone among Engliſh parents in this reſpect) to engage an American lady to teach their child, "as they could not find an Engliſh lady who underſtood the 'German' ſyſtem: preferring to riſk ſomewhat of the American accent to that

of the German or Dutch;"[1] the fact that deaf children do most readily and remarkably catch the accent of their teacher being established beyond question. The difference of language was, all along, a great stumbling-block. Germans had introduced the system into other countries by leaving Germany: English and American teachers, in order to learn the system in its own country, found it necessary to go and live there. One English lady, Miss Hull, to whose persevering, self-denying, and unwearied efforts in the face of great difficulties the cause is so much indebted, undertook a voyage to America in Mid-Winter in order to obtain *somewhere* what she could not get in England—a practical insight into the "German" method of teaching in the English language, as practised there, so as to apply the knowledge to the benefit of her own pupils here in London.

The system was now beginning to be appreciated. Those most deeply interested were eager for its adoption; but there were no teachers. At this juncture, Mr. B. St. John Ackers, the gentleman above alluded to, having succeeded in enlisting the sympathy and support of several other gentlemen and ladies, parents of deaf children, personal friends of his own, and promoters of philanthropic effort in various ways, launched the scheme of a Training College for Teachers of the Deaf by a Society for the diffusion of the "German" system in the United Kingdom. This is the society to whose appeal for support

[1] "Deaf *not* Dumb," by B. St. J. Ackers, page 24.

the preſent publication is ſo generous a reſponse. It was ſtarted in 1877, but its Training College and School were not opened, at Ealing, until the following year.

We may pauſe here, and note the advanced poſition arrived at. Up to 1866, Mr. Van Aſch, teaching at Mancheſter, was the only teacher on the "German" ſyſtem in England. Even near its own native home the "German" ſyſtem was almoſt entirely confined to Germany and the ſmall adjacent countries. In France there were but two ſchools on this ſyſtem, in the United States but one, in Italy none at all. Thus, beſides the ſchools in and near Germany itſelf, there were but four ſchools on the "German" ſyſtem outſide Germany anywhere! And this, leſs than twenty years ago!

The following year, 1867, marked a new epoch. The firſt public Inſtitution on this ſyſtem opened in England was then eſtabliſhed:—the Jews' Deaf and Dumb Home, already mentioned. Another ſchool was founded in New York, by benevolent Jews alſo, and one in Northampton, Maſſachuſetts, which now flouriſhes and is known as the "Clarke Inſtitution," and is ſo called from the name of the gentleman whoſe wealth largely endowed it. In 1867, alſo, the ſyſtem was introduced into Italy by the enthuſiaſtic Abbé Baleſtra, of Como, and from that time extended rapidly through Italy and Switzerland, not without ſome quiet influence and ſympathy, even in France itſelf. And it is a fact, that, in no inſtance where a ſchool or a country has

once adopted the pure oral ſyſtem has it ever afterwards abandoned it. In this there is a ſtriking contraſt between the *pure* oral ſyſtem and the *falſe*—between the "German" and the "Combined." The latter method has been tried again and again, notably in this country, and has had to give way to the "French" ſyſtem,—that of ſigns and the manual alphabet,—before which the "Combined" ſyſtem has never been able permanently to ſtand.

This then was the poſition in 1867. Paſſing over ten years, to 1877, what do we find? In England the one public inſtitution on this ſyſtem had become two; and for one private ſchool there were now three. In the United States two ſchools had increaſed to nine. In Italy, inſtead of this ſyſtem being found in one ſchool alone, it had been thoroughly adopted in every ſchool but one.

Nor were theſe, however gratifying, the only ſigns of progreſs. In 1877 there was held in London a Conference of Head Maſters of Inſtitutions and others intereſted in the welfare of the deaf. It was attended: (1) by the few friends of the "German" ſyſtem who have been the pioneers of the work which has borne ſuch notable fruits in connexion with the Ealing Society, (2) by ſome adherents of the old ſyſtem, who had ſtill been known for their energy and open-mindedneſs in regard to the whole ſubject, and (3) by others who, then as now, were confirmed in their prejudices, and immovable. But that occaſion marked a new departure. The different ſyſtems were diſcuſſed, and the views of the minority—

the advocates of the "German" ſyſtem—were ſtrongly impreſſed upon the minds of thoſe who were preſent. In connection with the Conference a viſit was paid to the Jews' ſchool at Notting Hill, conducted by Mr. Schöntheil. On this occaſion the viſitors were old and experienced Teachers on the "French," and "Combined" ſyſtems; and the reſults they witneſſed produced an impreſſion in favour of the ſuperior merits of the "German" ſyſtem, which has had a direct effect upon the teaching of the Deaf in this country ever ſince. In 1878, the college and ſchool of the Ealing Society came into active operation, Mr. Arthur Kinſey being the Principal. More than twenty ſtudents have ſince been trained, have paſſed their examinations, and gained their certificates. Some have gone to private teaching, ſome to School Board appointments, ſome to Inſtitution work (one in Auſtralia), and ſome to Inſtruct members of their own families. Public Meetings have been held, a large public hearing has been gained through the daily and periodical preſs, the ſubject has been repeatedly brought before meetings of the Britiſh, Social Science, and other Aſſociations, and from a higher plane a larger audience has been reached.

The chief event, however, and the moſt influential upon the improved education of the Deaf, in this and every other country, was the deciſion of the International Congreſs at Milan, in the month of September, 1880. On this occaſion there were aſſembled, from almoſt every country in the world where the education of the

deaf is carried on at all (Germany alone excepted), repreſentatives who were actually engaged in the work of teaching the Deaf, to the number of nearly 200, all "experts." The "effective" and the honorary members together amounted to 254; but the "effective" members only were entitled, and were admitted, to vote. In that remarkable aſſembly were to be ſeen men of brilliant intellect, orators of splendid powers, women devoted to this work as the work of God, loving parents of deaf children, repreſentatives of governments, men of official mind, teachers who had grown grey in life-long work among the deaf and dumb, and many of whom had, long ago, by word and deed, committed name and fame to what they now felt bound by conviction and conſcience to abandon, warm hearts which love only could move, and calm judicial minds which reaſon only could convince—theſe, all with one accord, in ſpite of predilections and of prejudice, riſking well-earned reputation, and overcoming national and eccleſiaſtical repugnance, decided, by the vote of the whole body preſent, againſt a minority of four, that, "conſidering the inconteſtable ſuperiority of ſpeech over ſigns in reſtoring the deaf-mute to ſociety, and in giving him a more perfect knowledge of language, the Congreſs declares that the oral method ought to be preferred to that of ſigns for the education and inſtruction of the deaf and dumb."

In this diviſion the minority conſiſted of three Americans and one Engliſhman; the majority was compoſed of all the other nationalities preſent.

And the decision gained all the more significance from the fact that in that overwhelming vote in favour of the "German" system, only one German voted. The German teachers as a body felt sure in their position, and they all, with one exception, stayed at home.

The proceedings of the Congress were reported at considerable length in *The Times* newspaper of September the 10th, 13th, 22nd, and 25th, 1880, and on the 28th September there appeared a leading article in the same paper, calling attention to the important facts which had thus been made public.

The following is among the paragraphs referred to. "The arguments of speakers were strong, and, to an open mind, convincing; the avowals of men who declared that the work they had performed before a certain date, in all conscientiousness and zeal, was done under a mistake, that they were convinced of their error, and renounced it—this had still greater weight; but the indisputable and unanswerable facts which proved the triumph of the system were what was witnessed in the schools. These were the speaking and lip-reading of the pupils, the conversations among themselves, with their teachers, and with strangers; the acting of written drama, not pantomime, the printed copies in our hands enabling us to test their pronunciation and their accuracy, the answering in examination, the catching up of a correction and proceeding on the instant with the sentence, the fluent command of language, the copiousness in composition, the absolutely

perfect eaſe and certainty with which they underſtood the ſpeaker, whether he ſpoke audibly or without emitting ſound at all, whether he ſpoke to them in the pure Italian they had learnt at ſchool, or in the *patois* which the old pupils had learnt in their homes and workſhops, after leaving ſchool, from their companions and work-fellows —in all theſe ways, in every poſſible way, and in ways which ſeemed impoſſible, theſe deaf children at ſchool, and deaf men and women who had left ſchool and were winning their way in life, appeared before us, ſpoke to us, anſwered us, ſpoke to each other, goſſiped with each other, in ſuch a manner as made their deafneſs a thing practically non-exiſtent. They knew what was going on as well as we did. It was in the Schools that the victory was won. In the Congreſs Hall it was ſimply recorded."—*The Times*, September 25th, 1880. One of the ſpeakers, a French eccleſiaſtic thus ſpoke in the Congreſs. "I came to Italy ſtrongly prejudiced againſt the teaching of the pure oral ſyſtem. I did not believe that any one could inſtruct deaf-mutes without ſigns, but on viſiting the ſchools and ſeeing the pupils, and that all the pupils talk and all read the movements of the lips, not only of their teachers but of their ſchoolfellows, ſeeing alſo that there was an intelligent exchange of ideas between them, my prejudices are overcome, and I return to France converted."—Speech of Frère Hubert. "Compte Rendu du Congrès," page 155.

The effect of the Congreſs was remarkable.

The French Government, on the report of its repreſentative, M. Franck, immediately introduced the pure oral ſyſtem into the two national inſtitutions of Paris and Bordeaux (the old ſchools of De l'Epée and Sicard), the French ſyſtem being thus diſowned and aboliſhed in its very birthplace. The pure oral ſyſtem was adopted in the deaf claſſes of the School Board for London under the Rev. Wm. Stainer, immediately on his return from Milan. This example has been followed by other School Boards in forming new claſſes, and ſome of the old inſtitutions have determined that their new pupils ſhall be forbidden the uſe of ſigns, and ſhall be taught to ſpeak.

Another International Congreſs was held in Auguſt, 1883, at Bruſſels, of which the moſt ſignificant feature was the fact that the previous deciſion at Milan was taken to have ſettled the queſtion of ſyſtems, once for all. No exception was taken, no queſtion raiſed, but every diſcuſſion which took place proceeded on the recognition of the fact, that the Milan deciſion had cloſed the controverſy.

And now, to ſum up the final reſults, and note the growth of this ſyſtem ſince 1857. In that year, Mr. Van Aſch began the work in England. In 1866, he was ſtill the only worker here: there was one ſchool in the United States, and there were two in France—four in all. At the preſent time the total number of ſchools for the Deaf, and for the "Deaf-and-Dumb," throughout the world, is about five hundred. Of theſe,

more than ſixty per cent. are on the pure oral ſyſtem. In Auſtria, Hungary, Germany, Luxembourg, the Netherlands, and Switzerland, the ſyſtem is univerſal; while in Italy it prevails in thirty-four out of thirty-five ſchools, and in Norway, in ſix out of ſeven. In other words, it is the ſyſtem in actual practice, "in all the ſchools of ſome countries, in nearly all of other countries, and in a continually increaſing number in every country" where the deaf are taught at all.

Thus the outlook of the friends and advocates of this ſyſtem is in the higheſt degree encouraging. We only wiſh our own country could be congratulated on being in the van of this important movement. As yet it is not ſo. Its poſition is certainly improved, and is ſtill improving; it ſtands before America, but it is not only far behind the European nations, where the ſyſtem is nearly or quite univerſal, but even lower in the ſcale of proportion than Belgium, Denmark, or Ruſſia.

To remove this reproach, and to give Speech to the Deaf—our own language to own countrymen—is the work the Ealing Society has undertaken, and for which we look, as in duty bound, for help on every hand.

Our appeal in theſe pages is to the writers and the readers of contemporary Engliſh literature. Acquainted, as they ſo well are, with the wealth of language in "thoughts that breathe and words that burn," they can beſt eſtimate the value of that privilege which ſpeech and

language open to the Deaf. Let us admit them as fully as is poſſible to the rich heritage which we ourſelves enjoy, and from which they have been ſo long and hopeleſſly cut off, with—"Wiſdom at one entrance quite ſhut out."

THE LIFE-BOAT.

By Walter Maynard.

The evening ſun went down in the weſt
  Behind glowing, fiery clouds,
As the bluſt'ring wind toſſ'd the rolling waves
  Into ſheets of foam like ſhrouds—

Like ſhrouds from that wat'ry ſepulchre,
  Where dead men no reſt ſhall know—
Waſh'd to and fro by the eddying tides
  In cavernous depths below.

The ſea-birds flew home, ſcatter'd in flight,
  Uttering ſhrill, mournful cries,
Heralding danger to come that night,
  Foreboding a ſtorm would riſe.

Upon the coaſt a good watch was kept
  By many a ſturdy band,
Over the lives of thoſe out at ſea,
  For the wind blew on to the land.

In a ſmall tavern down by the ſhore
  Sat four men drinking their ale,
As they hearken'd unto the diſtant roar
  Of the riſing tide and gale.

In large ſou'weſters and ſea-boots ſtrong,
Rough coats of tarpaulin made,
They had ſat there watching the evening long
Since daylight began to fade.

They ſmoked their pipes round the driftwood fire,
But they rarely ſpoke a word,—
Till as the gale roſe higher and higher
The boom of a gun was heard.

Then upſtood the oldeſt of the four,
And puſhing his glaſs aſide,
With pipe in mouth he ſtrode to the door,
Unchain'd and open'd it wide.

The room was ſtorm'd, for the wind and rain
Ruſh'd in at the wide-ſet door;
Said he, as the gun boom'd forth again,
"It comes from a ſhip aſhore."

Without exchanging a word or look,
They roſe from their places then;
The way that led to the beach they took,
To the life-boat went the men.

They launch the boat, and, ſeizing the oars,
They daſh through the raging waves;
They care not how loudly the tempeſt roars,
For them the ſea has no graves.

Each heart as ſtrong as each brawny arm,
All their truſt is placed in God;
They know He protects them from all harm,
As though on the land they trod.

Still onward, through the tempeſtuous night
The gun now they hear again,
From the ſtranded ſhip is ſhown a light,
Then every nerve they ſtrain

To make the rocks ſhe has ſtruck upon.
"Pull, hearties!" the bo'ſen cries,
"Pull, pull for your lives, once more, ſhe's won!"
And each man his ſtrong arm plies.

Alongſide the ſhip—a line they throw,
The imperill'd crew they ſave
By dangers dared ſailors only know,
On the yawning, rav'nous wave.

The bold deeds done on the ſtormy ſea,
Told in her Mariners' Story,
For ever the nobleſt lines will be
On old England's Scroll of Glory.

CROSSING A PATH.

By Hamilton Aidé.

Once, when I was a little boy, I was walking in a public garden on a ſummer's evening, with a beautiful young lady, who held my hand. On the other ſide of her walked a gentleman, ſome years older. The lady was fair, ſtately, and dominant; I fancied all queens muſt be like her. She had a firm ſtep, a ſomewhat loud, high, voice (my childiſh ears were ſenſitive), and an imperial carriage of the head. Her cavalier was truly a gentleman, in every ſenſe of the word; gentle by birth—as I afterwards learned—gentle in manner—gentle, though firm, by nature. I ſuppoſe the lady's beauty, and the fact that ſhe was his oppoſite in every reſpect, had originally attracted him—at all events, I had been told that day that they were "engaged."

"What does 'engaged' mean?" I aſked.

"It means that he has aſked her to be his wife, and that ſhe has ſaid 'yes.'"

I was of an inquiſitive turn.

"Will they be happy for ever afterwards, like the ſtory-books?" I inquired.

The reply to this was of that vaguely hopeful character, ſo unſatiſfactory to the infantine mind. But I believe I pictured them eating bread and honey in a golden palace through countleſs ages;

and I remember wondering whether all queens talked ſo much more than kings, and that their formula was invariably, "I ſhall certainly have" this, and, "I mean to do" the other. For the reſt, I underſtood nothing of what was ſaid, which accounted, no doubt, for my having been allowed to break the tête-à-tête. The lady was voluble; her future huſband ſpoke more ſlowly. The tone in which he uttered the few words which remain indelibly engraved on my memory was as the full, grave muſic of an organ, after the roulades of a ſomewhat acute clarionet.

The ſun was firing the weſtern horizon, great dun clouds were gathering in wrath, the air was heavy, a ſtorm was evidently brewing. We were pacing a broad gravel walk, bordered with lindens, while a band played the Aurora Waltz in the diſtance. I ſee it all now; the diſtant Kurſaal with the Kelners hurrying to and fro with ices on the terraces, white-clad ladies with coloured ribands fluttering down ſhady alleys in company with bearded heroes, the fat baron, like a beer jug, with his pipe, and his pink-cheeked daughter in ſhort ſleeves and mittens, the pond, one bath of glory, from the evening ſky, out of which ſmall fiſh kept leaping in the ſultry air for flies—it is curious how diſtinctly I recall it all, while ſo many of the ſubſequent ſlides in life's magic lantern have completely faded away.

We had reached the end of the *allée*, and were about to turn, when my eyes, being neareſt to the ground, were attracted by a gigantic ſpider hurrying ſtraight acroſs our path.

"Look! look!" I cried. "Did you ever ſee ſuch a big fellow?"

The lady ſwiftly made a ſtep in advance, and her foot—her beautiful foot, with its high inſtep—which looked as if it ſhould tread on nothing but roſe-leaves, cruſhed the ſpider flat.

"Why did you do that? He was doing you no harm," ſaid thoſe deep, organ notes, ſternly and ſadly.

"Ugh! the horrid creature! I always kill one when I ſee it."

There was a pauſe.

"And I could never live happily with any one who did ſo," ſighed the deep, grave voice again.

The lady looked ſtunned; but ſome of the other members of the party joining us at that moment, her ſpirits revived, and ſhe realized all the ſignificance of that ſpeech as little as did the child beſide her.

When he ſaid, next day, however, "That will be a very cruel queen, mother. She killed a poor innocent ſpider that was doing her no harm," the reply he received was, "My boy, ſhe will never be a queen in that kingdom, for the king has ridden away, declaring he will never behold her face again."

That was the firſt leſſon I ever received as to the danger attending "one falſe ſtep" in life.

TO ——

By Louise Jopling.

I often wonder where we two ſhall meet,
By woodland, vale, or in the buſy ſtreet.
Sometimes my heart is ſhaken when I hear
A ſudden ſtep of ſome one drawing near.
O love! what will you do? Will your face change?
Or will your eyes meet mine with looks grown ſtrange?
Can love then die? Within your mighty heart
Have I for ever loſt a ſhare, a part?
No, no, a thouſand times! Love ſuch as ours
Time cannot ſtrangle; no, nor days, nor hours.
Deep in your heart the ſmould'ring paſſion ſtays;
One breath of mine, it leaps into a blaze!
Our eyes have but to meet for each to know
That years have had no power, nor friend, nor foe.
One little touch of hands ſo long apart
Would ſend the life-blood throbbing to your heart.
The perfume of my hair acroſs your cheek,
Would rob you of your ſtrength and make you weak.
What matter where we meet? I know, O friend,
That thus it ſhall be to the bitter end.

Our hearts are true, though both are bound by ties
We cannot break. Not that way duty lies.
Oft in the lonely chamber where I reſt,
I think of all the love we once poſſeſſ'd.
Do you remember, dear, the day we met?
The glamour of it lingers round me yet.
Without—the breath of Spring was in the air;
Within—we knew it not—young love was there!
Long time we paſſ'd in ſilence, then I ſpake;
My voice the ſlumber of your heart did break.
Its ſound, you told me ſince, had power to thrill
Your very being. Love, could it ſo ſtill?
I know not . . . .
Enough, what matters now, ſince you and I
Are ſunder'd farther than the earth from ſky?

AN AUSTRALIAN PICNIC.

(*A Fragment.*)

By Mrs. Campbell Praed.

Author of "Zéro."

A merry party of Auſtralians had gathered in the verandah of the bachelors' quarters at Tarampa.

The "quarters" and ſtore combined, formed a wing of the head ſtation. The verandah looked into a ſort of courtyard, encloſed by a rough fence, which was covered with paſſion creepers. Feathery *rinkaſporum* twined the wooden pillars. It was ſpring, and roses, weſteria, and mignonette ſhed fragrance. The great hearted, ſcentleſs tropical bloſſoms were waiting a little longer. All the air was ſweet, eſpecially now at ſundown. In the courtyard were ſome pomegranate-trees, with their crimſon balls drooping, and a few hibiſcus ſhrubs; but fowls and dogs which wandered here at will, interfered with order. The garden proper lay in front. Beyond the courtyard, was the paddock, with, near the houſe, its cluſters of bark-roofed outbuildings, and the ſtock-yard a few furlongs diſtant. Beyond the paddock, ſtretched the wide buſh.

John Ramſay, the maſter of Tarampa, a bony, ſhrewd Scotchman, with keen, kindly eyes, a humorous, one-ſided mouth, and reddiſh-grey hair, briſtling over his half-bald head, was leaning

againſt a verandah poſt, plaiting a ſtock-whip. He wore a Crimean ſhirt and rather ſoiled moleſkins, and ſeemed very hot and very thirſty, ſwallowing copious draughts of tea, and talking ſlowly and impreſſively while he manipulated the green hide ſtrands.

Near him, there reclined upon a hammock a very pretty girl, whoſe vivacious lips and quick ſmile contraſted oddly but attractively with her dreamy, dark eyes. She looked bright, alert, ambitious, and yet ſad, as though her experience of life had ſo far not been quite ſatiſfactory, and had made her impatient to turn off on another track.

She was talking to her brother, an uncouth, long-legged youth of the Auſtralian type. He, like his father, was coatleſs, but behind, ſtood a good-looking buſhman who did wear a coat, and thus made it evident that he was a viſitor and wiſhed to ſhow reſpect to the ladies. He had a ſtrong, pleaſant face with heavy mouſtache and ſteady brown eyes, turned juſt now upon Erneſtine, the pretty girl, in a doubtful, melancholy manner.

Placid, houſewifely Aunt McArthur ſtitched vigorouſly a little apart. Her daughter Jemima, familiarly Jem, was feeding a family of chickens with cruſhed Indian corn, while a young ſquatter, very much at home apparently, and in fact her fiancé, ſat on the edge of the verandah, and turned the handle of the corn-cruſher. He was ſturdy and ſtolid, and matched Jem well. She was honeſt-eyed, clear-ſkinned, phlegmatic,

and practical. It was a joke againſt Jem that when Dick Harter propoſed to her, while they were walking in the paddock, before replying to the momentous queſtion, ſhe inſiſted upon ſearching a graſs tuſſock which looked a likely place for a neſt of eggs. Every man liked Jem McArthur, very few were in love with her. Almoſt every man was in love with Erneſtine Ramſay, very few liked her.

A pair of new chums lounged againſt the ſlab wall, and converſed about one Shepſtone, a free ſelector, and a certain poley cow. The men had evidently all come in from the run; ſaddles lay about, and the kangaroo hounds were ſtill panting. Two black boys were waiting for tobacco. The ſtore was open, and big bales of flour and ſticky mats of ration ſugar could be ſeen piled almoſt to the ceiling. Inſide, a brawny young woman was weighing out tea and ladling it into a bag which one of the ſtation hands held in readineſs. The man ſtared at her all the time, with round blue eyes, and ejaculated at intervals, "Lord luve ye, Maggie!". Like Barkis, Sandy Hutchins was a perſon of few words. This was his mode of courtſhip, and he had been courting a long time.

"You're no better than a morepork or a curlew," ſaid Maggie, as he ſhouldered his ration-bags. "Your mouth ſhapes itſelf to one ſentence, and nothing more."

There was a chorus of laughter in the verandah, and then a lull, and Mr. Ramſay's voice became diſtinct.

"Now ye know that fellow Shepſtone. And he jeſt takes the calves from their mother, and keeps them ſix months, and don't let us know it, and then claps his brand on them. And now, I ca' that nae mair than cattle-ſtealing, and it's not a right thing—at leaſt, *I* doan't think ſo. . . ."

There was a cooëe, and the crack of a ſtock-whip.

"That's Hammerſley," ſaid Rex, the youth. "He always rides up as if he had a mob of cattle before him."

A handſome, ſoldier-like man, ſpick and ſpan, in ſpotleſs breeches and a new cabbage-tree hat, diſmounted at the gate. He looked like a good actor, got up for the part of a ſquatter.

"By his ſwag, he means ſtoppin' for Bungwahl," ſaid Rex *ſotto voce*.

"I did not know you had aſked Hammerſley to join us in our expedition?" remarked Moore, the good-looking buſhman, to Erneſtine.

"I ſent him a note yeſterday, by old St. Helena, the black gin. Why? don't you wiſh him to come?"

"No," replied Moore bluntly. "I diſlike ſeeing him with you. It makes me uncomfortable. He admires you; and I am a jealous fool."

"I wiſh that you would not ſpeak ſo—ſo plainly. It is a little derogatory to one's dignity. Iſn't there ſuch a thing as friendſhip?"

"No; not with you."

"Yes, there is," anſwered ſhe, looking at him ſtraightly, and with a certain wiſtfulneſs in her expreſſion. "I have a ſtrong feeling of friend-

ſhip for you—ſo ſtrong, that I wiſh you would go home to-morrow, inſtead of riding with us to the Bungwahl range."

"Ah!" he exclaimed eagerly. "You would not be ſo cruel as to take this pleaſure from me? It was ſettled ſo long ago that we were to find the waterhole together."

"That myſterious waterhole! I've all ſorts of uncanny fancies about it. Is it not odd that no white man ſeems ever to have come acroſs it? Perhaps not, though, for it is in the heart of the ſcrub. The blacks ſay 'Debbil, Debbil' lives there, and drags down into the depths whoever ventures near it. That's the Bunyip, I ſuppoſe. Well, I am determined at all coſts to explore the ſcrub, and watch the ſun riſe from the Bungwahl range."

"Good-day, Hammerſley."

"How do you do, Mr. Ramſay? Hullo, Moore. Many thanks, Miſs Ramſay. What about Bungwahl?"

"Oh, it's all ſettled. We camp there to-morrow night. Think of the view from the mountains."

"Magnificent! talk of European ſcenery? I got off the track to-day, and if it hadn't been for the piebald, ſhould have come to grief. But there was a bit of colouring . . .! I took a ſketch —you ſhall ſee it; that is why I am ſo late. And then a little *motif* occurred to me as I croſſed the creek, and I ſtopped to think it out—a ſort of lullaby, to which we might ſet thoſe verſes you liked. Do you remember? However, we'll try them after dinner. And I've brought

you a book or two, and the laſt *Fortnightly*, and *Macmillan.*

A bell clanged, and the little party diſperſed, Erneſtine pauſing to gather a bunch of bankſia roſes for a breaſt-knot.

"There is a fine flavour of European culture about him," ſaid ſhe in a cool, analytical manner, which might have reaſſured Moore. "It's gratifying to one's vanity, to have one's intereſt in higher things taken for granted, and to be regarded from the Engliſh point of view. I like it—I like Engliſhmen; but he is very interjectional."

* * * * *

The little proceſſion was winding up the range. They had left plains and timbered ridges far behind. Now they were in denſe ſcrub, where the bottle-trees roſe weird and white, where the ſtately bunya branches drooped, weighted with their heavy cones, and the quantongs ſhed their berries. Long withes, ſometimes coiled like ſnakes, hung from the upper boughs, dangerous traps for the unwary. The girls' habits were torn by thorny undergrowth; nettles ſtung the horſes' legs, and rotten timber crackled beneath their hoofs.

Two black boys pioneered; all their followers rode in ſingle file. Every now and then there was a ſhout from Billy or Pintpot, "Mine ſee native bear. Look out! big fellow, iguana;" or, "Plenty gammon, white miſſus; what for ride along a ſcrub, when cobbon budgery road cloſe up humpey?" ("The white ladies are

very ſtupid; why do they ride in the ſcrub, when there are many good roads near the houſe?")

The tomahawks ſounded cheerfully as the boys "blazed" a path for the return. It was a rough way: up one ſtony ridge, and down into a ſteep gully, over breakneck rocks, and forward again—ever aſcending.

Then a break in the ſcrub, and a precipitous riſe, where they were obliged to diſmount and lead their horſes. A rocky knoll gained; and now a glorious view backward towards the ragged fringe of ſcrub, where red firs and gaunt gums stood forth, hoary with moſs, the untouched growth of years; and beyond again, endleſs waves of foreſt and hill.

It was almoſt duſk when the higheſt point was reached—a tiny plateau ſurrounded by grey, volcanic-looking boulders; and the world below. The ſun had ſet, but his glory lingered. There was a grim peak to the weſt, outlined againſt the flaming track he had left; in the eaſt there ſtretched, barring the horizon, a jagged fantaſtic line of mountains, one crag upon another; ſmooth humps, eucalyptus clad, with deep gorges between, abrupt precipices and needle-like pinnacles. Theſe were faintly pink. And lo! ere many moments, they had become roſe, deep crimſon, dark and darker violet.

The camping-place had been choſen, the packhorſe unladen, and the others hobbled and turned to graſs. Erneſtine would have no tent pitched. She muſt lie, ſhe had ſaid, with her face to the ſky,

and her ſaddle for a pillow. The black boys were cutting graſs and graſs-tree tops, and ſtrewing them upon the ground. The fire had been lighted, and Jem McArthur and her lover were boiling quart-pot tea. The new chums prepared chops for broiling upon the aſhes. Mr. Ramſay had ſpread out an array of tin "billies," and Rex was cutting newly peeled bark into plates and diſhes.

Captain Hammerſley ſat rapt in contemplation of the glories of nature. But he was not a man who could be ſilent even under the ſpell of enthuſiaſm; and when Erneſtine approached, he had a great deal to ſay about the Auſtralian mountains as compared with thoſe of other countries.

Moore, leaning againſt a boulder of rock cloſe by, watched the two as they talked. Erneſtine's geſtures were animated, Hammerſley's gaze full of intereſt and admiration. A caſual obſerver would at once have ſaid, "What a well-matched pair! There can be no doubt as to their feelings for each other." Yet Moore had a perfect conſciouſneſs that in neither nature were the deepeſt chords touched. His prophetic inſtinct ſeemed to have become clearer as his depreſſion intenſified; and it aſſured him that, though his own longings could bear no fruit but deſpair, Hammerſley would never be the fortunate rival to whom he muſt reſign Erneſtine.

An Alpine call echoed through the hills, its unwonted ſound ſtartling the rock wallabies, and cauſing the browſing horſes to turn their heads

and whinny in return. Hammerſley and the new chums executed an effective jodelling chorus, and Rex ſhouted,—

"Three cheers for the firſt ladies who have stood on the Bungwahl peak."

"Come, come," cried Mr. Ramſay, "the tea is infuſed, and I'd like fine to ſee thoſe chops eaten. Keep your cheers till you have found the waterhole and ſeen the Bunyip, eh, Pintpot?"

The native ſhook his head.

"Baal, black fellow go like it ſcrub over there. Debbil, debbil ſit down along a waterhole. Mine think it Pintpot and Billy nangry cloſe up camp."

"Well," ſaid Moore with forced gaiety, "we are heroes all, and will reach the waterhole, or periſh in the attempt."

"Let us tackle the grub," ſaid Rex. "My word, here's a feaſt for the native dogs to-morrow! Liſten to them howling in anticipation."

Fitful burſts of diſmal wailing proceeded from the ſcrub; but they were ſoon drowned in the clatter at the camp, the peals of merriment, and the proteſts againſt the flavour of gum-tree bark which accompanied the roughly arranged repaſt. When that was ended, ſomeone propoſed muſic.

It was night now, and the moon, a fiery globe, roſe ſlowly from behind the hills. Of the kind, no more weird or pictureſque ſcene could be imagined. The wild ſurroundings, grey boulders, foreſt, mountains, the utter lonelineſs and

vaſtneſs of the buſh, and the deep blue ſky overhead gemmed with brilliant conſtellations. In the foreground, the camp fire with its logs blazing up, and throwing broad, flickering gleams athwart the rock-bound plateau, and upon the circle of picnickers. Pintpot and Billy ſtood in the rear, limbs and eyes dancing. The men lounged in eaſy attitudes, ſome ſmoking, ſome cutting tobacco, their ſaddles beſide them. The two girls ſat enthroned on rugs, their pretty figures ſhowing to advantage in cloſe-fitting habits, their heads bare; Jem's yellow locks touched with gold, her homely features ſpiritualized by the half-lights; Erneſtine bending forward, her head thrown back, the curves of her throat viſible, her lips parted, as ſhe ſang, and her wonderful eyes upraiſed. Moſt of the party were muſical. Hammerſley had a good baritone voice, Moore a tenor. The latter was ſomething of a poet, and now and then threw off ſtanzas, which Erneſtine ſet to airs of her own.

Hammerſley trilled forth Adam Lindſay's ſpirited words,—

'Twas merry, 'mid the black woods, when we ſpied the ſtation roofs,
To wheel the wild ſcrub cattle at the yard;
With a running fire of ſtock-whips, and fiery run of hoofs,
Oh! the hardeſt day was never then too hard!

There was a pauſe when he had finiſhed. "Now, Moore!" ſaid Mr. Ramſay, "you muſt give us your ſolo. Tune up, man."

Moore heſitated a ſecond. He looked

ſtrangely at Erneſtine. She anſwered his glance. All the might and the miſery of his paſſion were tearing him. His voice trembled as he ſang.[1] Paſſion throbbed in the words, which ran thus,—

Remember then—remember evermore,
I loved thee, loved thee, loved thee—through the roar
Of evil wintry winds, let that wild wail,
"I loved thee, loved thee, loved thee," reach thine ear.
By Heaven, by God, if all elſe were untrue,
If all the ſtars in Heaven's height quaked for fear,
And tremor ſhook the ſea's eternal blue—
"I loved thee, loved thee, loved thee," yet would he
Hear above death-throes of the ſtars and ſea.

The notes thrilled Erneſtine's heart. She roſe noiſeleſſly, and moved a few paces off. Her lips did not join in the little chorus of ejaculations which followed. She leaned againſt a rock with her head bent, ſilent.

The dingoe's howl ſwelled louder; it was the eerieſt, moſt ear-breaking ſound.

"Come now, this won't do," ſaid Mr. Harter. We ſhall none of us get any ſleep to-night. Who is for a go at the dingoes?"

"Oh," ſighed Hammerſley, "the noiſe is very horrible, but it is ſo in harmony with the ſcene."

"Call that harmonious," ſhrieked Rex deriſively. "Here you Pintpot, marra daloopill, and yan along a me." ("Take the piſtol, and come on with me.")

Hammerſley's ſporting inſtinct conquered his ſenſe of dramatic fitneſs. Moſt of the men

[1] Words by James Hinton.

crept down with loaded guns towards the ſcrub; but Moore, without announcing his intentions, lingered behind, and joined Erneſtine by the grey boulder againſt which ſhe ſtood.

The moon ſhone upon her face: he ſaw upon it and in her eyes, ſoftening and ſtruggling tenderneſs. "Why didn't you go with the others?" ſhe aſked.

"I don't care about ſhooting native dogs. I want to be with you for a few minutes—here, alone. It's a queer, wild ſpot, isn't it. Theſe ſtones look like the altars of a forgotten worſhip. We ſeem far away from every one—beyond the power of pitileſs reality—in a world of 'might have beens.' We belong to ourſelves, and, for the moment, to each other. You will never be able to diſſociate me in your mind from this ſcene, and, whether you will or not, I muſt always keep you in my memory as I ſee you now—not perhaps, the real woman—for you will change. If we had been going to ſee much of each other, and in theſe circumſtances, you muſt have changed to me. But that's all over. Oh, yes, I know the hopeleſſneſs of it, and I'm going to try and end it—in one ſenſe. Parting is like death: it deſtroys a good deal, but it gives much. It gives me my ideal. That's worth keeping."

"Yes," ſhe anſwered in a very low tone, "that is worth keeping. And—and you are going away—"

"To the Never, Never country." He laughed ſhortly. "It ſounds deſpairing, but, in fact, there's a good proſpect. Milbank is taking up a

run, and I'm offered a ſhare as working partner. That is much better than ſtaying on here as "Super" at a hundred a year."

"Yes, much better," ſhe aſſented mechanically.

"I don't want to buoy myſelf up with any hope of coming back ſoon. If I am getting on, it may be in three years—it may be much longer."

There was a long ſilence. She ſeemed to wiſh to break it, and a ſound paſſed her lips, but words did not come.

"There's nothing to be ſaid" (he ſpoke abruptly, but his voice had changed and deepened) "nothing that can do any good. If you cared for me, it would not be of any uſe my knowing it. I—I'd rather you didn't. It's the ſort of thing one would like to know if one were dying, and the knowledge couldn't affect the future. But as things are, it—it's better not."

Another pauſe. A volley of ſhot from the ſcrub. The dingoes were ſilenced, but the curlews wailed now.

"You've had ſome ſort of ſtory in your life; I wiſh that you'd tell it me."

"There iſn't much," Erneſtine faltered. "I dare ſay that it has made me a little hard. I'll tell you if you like. Long ago, when I was quite young, I cared very much for ſome one. He was an Engliſhman. We were going to be married, when he was richer. He went home; there was the hopeleſs waiting, and I never heard again. And then I ſaid that I would care for no one ever any more."

"There was the hopeleſs waiting," Moore repeated. "Yes, yes, that's the wrong—that's the cruelty. Good-night." He took her two hands into his, and for a moment they looked ſtraight into each other's eyes.

"I don't love you," ſaid Erneſtine, a little wildly. "I don't want to love you."

Moore's eyes were full of unutterable pathos. "I wouldn't have it otherwiſe," he anſwered. "You've had hard lines once; they ſhall not come over again. Good-night," he repeated huſkily, "good-night."

They ſeparated. Moore walked towards the brow of the hill, and Erneſtine went back to the camp.

* * * * *

The night paſſed like a diſordered dream. No one ſlept much, except perhaps Rex and the black boys, who were accuſtomed to camping out. The clanking of the horſes' hobbles, the wild cries of the night-birds, the ſtrange ſhadows by which the vaſt circuit ſeemed peopled, the entire novelty of the ſituation chaſed ſlumber from moſt eyes. Erneſtine, upon her couch of graſs-tree tops, lay long awake with a terrible ſenſe of trouble and deſolation at her heart, and her tears falling thickly upon the bundle of rugs that pillowed her head. Through the ſlow hours ſhe was haunted by the thought of another aching heart, and other watchful eyes not many paces from her. Towards morning ſhe dozed and dreamed, the pain ever preſent. When grey dawn crept up, and the aromatic gums gave

forth their ſcent, and the air became alive with the ſhivering twitter of little birds, Rex awoke his ſiſter and couſin.

They ſaw the ſun riſe and kiſs the mountains, while every crag and hill bluſhed at his ſalutation. Then, after a hurried breakfaſt, the party mounted again. They followed downward a gorge where ferns grew rank, where crimſon kennedia and hoya tapeſtried the rocks, and the little pools were covered with irideſcent film. Over a ridge wattle-grown, golden feathers bruſhing them as they paſſed, and leaving fragrance with them. Into the ſcrub again, with its majeſty of hoary pines, its heavy, earthy perfume, its wonders of berry and bloſſom, its gloom of greenery.

In the centre, as it were, of the wilderneſs, progreſs was barred. A deep ravine divided the ſcrub, its ſides too precipitous for foothold of horſe. Here Nature's mightieſt forces had been at work. The earth was scarred and lacerated, the ravine bed rifted and draggled, ſtones piled pell-mell, chaſms yawning black and unfathomable. In one ſpot the watercourſe widened into a lonely pool, begirt with dank arums and deadly-looking ſhrubs and creepers. The rocks were high, grim, and black. There was a boom of falling water, and an abrupt drop of ſome hundred feet, and then again a little paſſage rock-bound, leading into myſterious depths of ſcrub.

At this obſtacle there was a halt, and the company divided. The horſes were hobbled; the black boys refuſed to go further. Mr. Ramſay declaring that his exploring days were over,

elected to remain, boil the quart-pot tea, and arrange the midday camp, while the new chums, attracted by the prospect of sport near at hand, declined to brave the perils of the precipice.

Erneſtine and Jem tucked up their habits, and armed themſelves with ſtout climbing-poles. Rex, Hammerſley, Harter, and Moore, prepared to accompany them. Compaſſes were produced and bearings taken, and clinging to the ſapling gums, and balancing themſelves by their poles, they commenced the deſcent.

By-and-by, torn, but triumphant, they ſent up ſhouts from the bed of the ravine. They were going to plunge into the ſcrub, and by a détour, gain the foot of the waterfall. Here, Erneſtine was convinced that "Debbil, Debbil" and the Bunyip abode together.

Mr. Ramſay made up the fire and boiled a "billy" of tea for his own private refection. He chaffed the new chums, and held a long diſcourſe with the black boys. He would probably have wormed from Pintpot the ſecret of the Bora, had not a "ſugar-bag" attracted the attention of Billy, and the three forthwith proceeded to chop it out of a venerable iron-bark tree. He next ſtarted an opoſſum, and with much zeſt burned the brute out of it's refuge in a hollow log. Then he amuſed himſelf by gathering quantongs, to make a necklace for the ſtockman's daughter, and finally compoſed himſelf under the quantong-tree, and fell aſleep. He was awakened by Rex's voice, and turned, dazed and drowſy :—

"What is the row? Have the tailing mob ſtarted again?" He had been dreaming that he was overlanding cattle. "Why, God bleſs me, I've had a doze, and it's cloſe upon one o'clock. Where are the others?"

"Erneſtine would have it that the waterhole is down in the ſcrub yonder, and ſhe took off Hammerſley and Moore. That ſcrub is awful thick, and I'm bothered becauſe I have carried away Moore's compaſs. But he's a good buſhman, and knows the lie of the gullies. Jem and Harter wanted to ſpoon, ſo I left 'em beſide a bottle-tree hard at it. We ſhan't get home to-night at this rate, ſo we'd better make up our minds to another camp."

"I'd like fine to have a go at thoſe dingoes again," returned Mr. Ramſay. "But it was no juſt right of you to leave your ſiſter, Rex—at leaſt, I don't think ſo. A man in love has a ſhingle looſe, and it's my opeenion that Hammerſley was one ſhort when he ſtarted in life. As for Moore, the ſooner he's off to the Never-Never, the better. Let us gie them a holler."

"Coo-ë-e—coo-ë-e—coo-ë-e!"

The long, muſical notes echoed through the trees, and were thrown back from the rocky wall in front of them. For ſome time there was no reply, and then it was Jem's clear young voice which floated upwards in an anſwering coo-e-e.

* * * *

For two hours Erneſtine and her companions had been wandering in the ſcrub, and in that

time a long diſtance may be traverſed. Neither of the men dared alarm the young girl by confeſſing that he was out of his bearings; but Moore's face was pale and ſet, and Hammerſley's eyes anxiouſly interrogated thoſe of the other. Moore had, with due precaution, blazed a tree here and there as they walked, but in the excitement of following a chain of waterholes which might, it was fancied, lead to the Bungwahl lagoon, this clue had been loſt.

He started with horror upon making the diſcovery that Rex had not given him back his compaſs, and, ſtanding ſtill for a moment, looked upward and around in deep perplexity. He knew well how hopeleſs a labyrinth is an Auſtralian ſcrub, and though he was a good buſhman, and confident of ſooner or later finding his way back acroſs the ravine, ſome hours of weary wandering over broken country might lie before them, and he feared for Erneſtine's ſtrength, which already appeared to flag. The gloom had intenſified. Cloſer and cloſer the great trees interlaced overhead. No glimpſe of ſky or gleam of ſunlight was viſible. The undergrowth was leſs denſe, but prickly withes hung down and tore their garments and ſocks, and moſsgrown logs impeded their ſteps. The ſilence and ſolitude were oppreſſive. It ſeemed impoſſible that foot of man could ever before have trodden this primæval foreſt. There were ſymptoms of uncanny reptiles lurking under the rotting vegetation. A brown ſnake glided paſt Erneſtine's feet.

"Oh, let us get out of this horrible place!" ſhe cried. "We have loſt our way."

"Courage!" ſaid Moore, intenſe relief in his accents. He had been gazing fixedly at a point not far diſtant. "Yonder is the line of ravine. We can follow it up."

They walked energetically for a few yards. The gorge was apparently fringed by a belt of bruſhwood ſo denſe that it ſeemed impenetrable. Here had gathered an accumulation of débris, drift, ſtones, and fallen timber. Ferns and long graſs grew high, concealing dangerous pitfalls. Erneſtine preſſed on—with the ſenſe of inſecurity; but, eager to inveſtigate the bed of the ravine, she clung to a ſapling that offered ſupport, and bent forward, peering through the bruſhwood. Moore, cloſe by her ſide, uttered a word of warning. Hammerſley was reconnoitring to the right. The ſapling ſnapped; her foot ſlipped. She had a horrible conſciouſneſs of being on the very verge of a yawning gulf. Her form ſtaggered; her hands caught wildly at a hanging twig. . . . . An inſtant that was a lifetime. The gleam of agonized eyes met hers in the flaſh of a ſecond. She was ſeized and hurled back by the might of a ſtrong arm. She fell; earth and foliage became indiſtinct; ſomething ſwayed—and diſappeared. There was a crackling of timber, a faint thud; a rumble of looſened ſtones; then ſilence, and ſhe was alone.

Hammerſley turned at her ſhriek, comprehending in an inſtant what had happened. There were no words. He daſhed through the under-

growth, ſwinging himſelf down from tree to tree. Erneſtine followed, how—ſhe never knew. Years afterwards, on looking back, it ſeemed to her that ſhe muſt have leaped blindly, and that the intenſe longing of her ſoul to be with him living or dead, bore her as upon wings.

He lay upon a graſſy ledge that jutted out above a round black tarn. Had they found the lagoon—thus? Not a ripple was upon its ſurface except in the very centre where ſlowly whirling eddies revealed a treacherous vortex which might well ſuck its victims into the bowels of the earth. The pool's depth ſeemed unfathomable. All round, the cliffs roſe grim and weird, and there was nothing between the patch of water and the ſky.

Moore lay in a ſtate of inſenſibility. His eyes were cloſed; and his ſlow breathing, interrupted by ſighs, his cold ſkin, and ſcarcely perceptible pulſe ſeemed to indicate that life was failing. Water to moiſten his forehead; a few drops of brandy at the bottom of Hammerſley's flaſk to wet his lips. Theſe were the only reſtoratives which they could apply.

After a little while, he opened his eyes for a moment. There was a ſlight appearance of recovery. The ſhrunken, pallid face aſſumed a more natural hue. And at this moment faint voices sounded from a long way off.

"They will never find us here," ſaid Hammerſley, ere he raiſed his voice in another coo-ëe.

"You muſt go and meet them!" cried Erneſtine. "That is probably Rex in ſearch of us.

My father will be at the camp. He knows ſomething of ſurgery. He will know what to do. He muſt be brought here at once. Go, there's not a moment to loſe. I am not afraid of ſtaying here with him. Go, I beſeech you."

Hammerſley obeyed her, and the girl and the injured man were alone.

She kneeled by him; one ſoft, wet palm was laid upon his forehead. With the other hand, ſhe claſped his wriſt while ſhe counted the feeble pulſations there. Her eyes faſtened hungrily upon his face. If he would but look at her! If ſhe might but hear him ſpeak!

He groaned ſlightly. She lifted his head and pillowed it upon her boſom. Her lips touched his hair. And then he opened his eyes. They were bright now, and full of the deepeſt tenderneſs.

"Erneſtine!"

"My darling! my darling!"

A wonderful joy paſſed over his features. "You're all right! you're not hurt? What happened?" He raiſed himſelf and gazed up at the cliff, and down at the pool. "This is the Bungwahl water-hole. I'm glad," he gaſped, "that we found it—together."

"I love you!" ſhe cried paſſionately. The words ſeemed to break from her as if they would not be reſtrained. "I couldn't ſay it laſt night. I *muſt* ſay it now. I have been, cold, ſelfiſh, contemptible; but I love you. I love you."

He put his arm up, and drew her face down to his; and they kiſſed each other. For a long time neither ſpoke.

"I'm ſo glad—to know," he ſaid in the ſame broken manner, as though to breathe were a difficulty. "It's noble of you to tell me—like this. You're always noble. You've given me the beſt moment I've ever had in life . . . . It's worth dying for . . . ."

Her tears wetted his face. She repeated that ſhe loved him. She beſought him to live—for her ſake.

"You muſtn't fret or be ſorry," he ſaid. "If things had gone on in the uſual way—if this accident hadn't happened—you would not have felt like this. And the long waiting and hopeleſs uncertainty might have killed our trust. It is life that is cruel, not Death . . . . Life may deſtroy love . . . . But Death! Death has given me the beſt I've ever known."

DEAF.

By Emily Pfeiffer.

Never to hear the chorus that awakes
  The morning ſtrife together in the grove;
  Never to hear the cooing of the dove,
Or ripple of the childiſh glee that makes
The ſick heart whole, or any voice that breaks
  Beneath the tender burthen of its love,
  Nor any ſtrain of muſic that can move
The raviſh'd senſe till it with rapture aches.

If of old time one thus bereft, in vain
  Had sought that pool an angel Pity ſtirr'd,
  The human voice of Chriſt he had not heard;
But human pity, like the all-viſiting rain,
  May reach the grief that makes such faint appeal,
  And touching, soothe what only death can heal.

APPENDIX A.

Refolutions of the Meeting at the Manſion Houſe, held on Friday, June 9th, 1882, Alderman Sir Robert Carden, M.P. (in the abſence of the Lord Mayor), Chairman.

I. *Propoſed by* THE LORD BISHOP OF GLOUCESTER AND BRISTOL,
Seconded by THE LORD O'HAGAN, EX-LORD CHANCELLOR OF IRELAND.

"That—in view of the fact that the 'German,' or pure oral ſyſtem is not only able to impart, in the moſt thorough way, intellectual, moral, and religious teaching, but, in addition, gives to the Deaf the knowledge and ready uſe of the language of their country,—thereby placing them on the ſame level as ourſelves—this Meeting highly commends the efforts of the 'Society for Training Teachers of the Deaf, and Diffuſion of the "German" Syſtem in the United Kingdom.'"

II. *Propoſed by* CARDINAL MANNING,
Seconded by MISS HULL.

"That—in view of the fact that the 'German,' or pure oral ſyſtem is now being carried out in the greater number of Schools for the Deaf throughout the civilized world—this Meeting hopes that it may become the National ſyſtem of this country. To this end, it is eſſential to have a Training College or Colleges, to ſupply properly qualified Teachers."

III. *Propoſed by* WM. WOODALL, ESQ., M.P.,
Seconded by THE REV. R. W. FORREST, D.D.

"That, to this end, the Meeting pledges itſelf to ſupport the effort now being made to raiſe the ſum of 10,000*l.* for the Training College at Ealing, and to advance in every way poſſible the cauſe of Speech for the Deaf.'

APPENDIX B.

Summary of Work done by the Society, in accordance with its Title, for the 'Diffuſion of the 'German' Syſtem in the United Kingdom."

1876. Paper, "Deaf, *not* Dumb," read before Glouceſter Literary and Scientific Inſtitution, by B. St. J. Ackers, Eſq. London: Longmans, Green, and Co., Paternoſter Row.

*1877. "Vocal Speech for the Dumb." Paper read before Society of Arts, April 25th, by B. St. J. Ackers, Eſq., which gained its Silver Medal. *Second Edition.* Longmans, Green, and Co. Price One Shilling and Sixpence.

Paper read before Royal Hiſtorical Society by B St. J. Ackers, Eſq., F.R.H.S., publiſhed in the Tranſactions of the Society.

„ Meeting at Manſion Houſe, Society formed, June 18th.

„ Meeting at Lambeth Palace, Committee of Management appointed, June 28th.

„ Addreſs by the late Archbiſhop Tait, Preſident.

„ Conference of Head Maſters, &c., of which Dr. Buxton was Vice-Preſident. Miſs Hull, Hon Secretary (Mr. Ackers), and Principal (Mr. Kinſey), preſent. July 24th—26th.

1878. College and School opened, at Ealing, June 1ſt.

* „ "The Education of the Deaf on the 'German' Syſtem." Paper read at Meeting of Social Science Aſſociation, Cheltenham, by Principal. Meeting attended by Hon. Secretary (Mr. Ackers) and Principal (Mr. Kinſey). London: W. H. Allen and Co., 13, Waterloo Place. Price One Shilling.

1879. "The 'German'—Speech and Lip-reading—Syſtem of Teaching the Deaf." Paper read before Britiſh Aſſociation, Sheffield, by Secretary.

Meeting attended by Miſs Hull and Secretary (Dr. Buxton). W. H. Allen and Co. Price One Shilling.

1879. Committee of Inquiry appointed by Britiſh Aſſociation.

„ Secretary (Dr. Buxton) appointed Correſponding Member for Great Britain of Committee of Organization of International Congreſs of Milan.

1880. Report of Committee to Britiſh Aſſociation, Swanſea. Meeting attended by Hon. Secretary (Mr. Ackers) and Secretary (Dr. Buxton).

„ Milan International Congreſs, September 6th—11th.

Papers read by Mrs. Ackers and Miſs Hull.

Papers contributed by Vice-Chairman (Dr. E. Symes Thompſon), Hon. Secretary (Mr. Ackers), Principal (Mr. Kinſey), and Secretary (Dr. Buxton).

All ſubſequently publiſhed, in French and Engliſh.

„ Principal (Mr. Kinſey) elected Honorary Secretary of Engliſh-ſpeaking ſection.

„ Honorary Secretary (Mr. Ackers) and Secretary (Dr. Buxton) elected Members of Committee of Organization for International Congreſs in 1883.

„ The Congreſs was attended by Miſs Hull, Mr. and Mrs. Ackers, Principal (Mr. Kinſey), and Secretary (Dr. Buxton).

Engliſh Report of Proceedings, and the Papers contributed by Members of this Society, publiſhed by W. H. Allen and Co. Price Three Shillings; by poſt, Three Shillings and Fourpence.

1881. Conference of Governing Bodies, held March 17th and 18th, Chairman (Gen. Cotton) elected to preſide. Hon. Secretary (Mr. Ackers) and ſeveral other members of the Committee preſent. Secretary (Dr. Buxton) elected one of the Honorary Secretaries of Conference.

„ Interview of Deputation with Vice-Preſident of

Her Majeſty's Privy Council, April 28th. Chairman (Gen. Cotton), Vice-Chairman (Dr. S. Thompſon), Hon. Secretary (Mr. Ackers), and Secretary (Dr. Buxton), preſent.

Report publiſhed by this Society at expenſe of the Inſtitutions repreſented. W. H. Allen and Co. Price Two Shillings.

1881. Conference of Head Maſters, &c., June 22nd, 23rd, and 24th, attended by Miſs Hull, Hon. Secretary (Mr. Ackers), Principal (Mr. Kinſey), and Secretary. Secretary (Dr. Buxton) re-elected Vice-Preſident. W. H. Allen and Co. Price Half-a-Crown.

„ Meeting of Britiſh Aſſociation, York, September. Report adopted at Public Meeting, attended by Secretary (Dr. Buxton).

„ "On the 'German,' or Pure Oral Syſtem of Teaching the Deaf." Paper read before the Odontological Society of London, February, by Principal (Mr. Kinſey). Harriſon and Sons, St. Martin's Lane. Price One Shilling.

„ "On the Prevention of Dumbneſs where it follows loſs of Hearing." Paper read before International Medical Congreſs, London, Auguſt, by Principal (Mr. Kinſey). J. W. Kolckmann, 2, Langham Place. Price One Shilling.

1882. Meeting at the Manſion Houſe, June 9th, Alderman Sir Robert Carden, M.P. (in the abſence of the Lord Mayor), Chairman.

„ "Notes of Progreſs in the Education of the Deaf." Paper read at Meeting of Social Science Aſſociation, Nottingham, by Secretary, September 22nd. Meeting attended by Hon. Secretary (Mr. Ackers) and Secretary (Dr. Buxton). W. H. Allen and Co. Price One Shilling.

„ Meeting in Town Hall, Tiverton, the Mayor preſiding, December 14th; and,

„ Meeting at Exeter, the Biſhop in the Chair, December 15th. At theſe Meetings the Chair-

man (Gen. Cotton), Hon. Secretary (Mr. Ackers), Principal (Mr. Kinſey), and two of the Pupils were preſent.

1882. Conference of Head Maſters of Inſtitutions for the education of the Deaf and Dumb—May 30th and 31ſt—Doncaſter, attended by the Principal (Mr. Kinſey).

1883. Bruſſels International Congreſs, Auguſt 13th to 18th. Papers contributed by the Principal (Mr. Kinſey), the Secretary (Dr. Buxton).

The Congreſs was attended by Mr. and Mrs. Ackers, Miſs Hull (Lady Principal), Mr. Kinſey (Principal), Dr. Buxton (Secretary).

*Thoſe marked * can be obtained of the Secretary, Dr. Buxton, at the Office of the Society, 298, Regent Street, Portland Place, W.*

APPENDIX C.

Names of Students who have Paſſed the required Examination and Received the Certificate of the Society:—

1879.

Miſs A. M. Lawrence,
„ Iſabel Jennings.

1880.

Miſs Elizabeth Kernohan,
„ Eleanor A. Van,
„ Kate Davidſon.

1881.

Miſs M. E. Smart,
„ Fanny Rutherford (Mrs. G. Masters),
„ M. Hotton,
„ H. W. Davy,
„ L. T. Nickels,
„ Agnes Newth,
„ Iſabel F. Spring,
and
Mr. H. W. White.

1882.

Miſs E. M. Pattiſon,
„ M. F. Thomas,
„ A. Wolrige,
„ Diana Wrench.

1883.

Miſs M. A. Hare ("Honour Student"),
„ M. C. Baynes,
„ E. Carter,
„ E. F. Boultbee,
„ E. Low.

1884.

One Male and ſeven Female ſtudents are in courſe of training.

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